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NELL NOELL, THE LIGHT-KEEPER'S TREASURE.

A ROMANCE

Of England, France and Italy.

BY GEORGE P. BURNHAM.

CHAPTER I. THE WAIF.



THE fortunate father of so fair and gentle a daughter as the heroine of the following pages, might well pride himself upon the gift! And no one could better appreciate so priceless a family jewel than Harry Noell, the poor Light-keeper of Beachy Head.

In storm and sunshine, when the angry sea dashed wildly upon the rugged coast of England, amid the calm or riot of the elements, Nell was ever unchanged in her devotion to the duties that devolved on her—always ready to aid her good-hearted, but impoverished father, in the arduous routine of his labors. And her share of the daily task that fortune had imposed upon the parent was by no means light or easy; yet she resigned herself cheerfully and eagerly to its performance, forgetful of her own comforts or convenience, unmanifold and heedless of all danger or jeopardy, so that she relieved, in any degree, the hardships or the toil to which her loved and affectionate sire was so constantly exposed in his precarious vocation.

Few occupations are so thankless, and few positions are so poorly repaid for the risk and responsibilities attendant thereon, as is that of the light-house keeper. Yet these situations are sought after, and are eagerly taken up by the hardy and venturesome, because there is a certain income attending them, from government; and thus—though the emolument be trifling, and too often, entirely inadequate to compare with the perils to be encountered—competent and worthy men are readily found to fill these posts, so important and needful to universal commerce.

Harry Noell—Harry Noell, as he was familiarly called—had long been the poor recipient of the king's favor, in the capacity of light-house keeper, at the perilous point we have alluded to; and, so well did he value the companionship and services of his only child, that he appropriately denominated her *his treasure*. And indeed this was the only "treasure" he could boast of—far, excepting the plain and scanty furniture that was scattered over his humble dwelling, a rough but serviceable wardrobe, a few books, and a boat or two of small value—he laid claim to no worldly goods or adornments.

Yet Harry Noell was happy—content with his lot, idolized by and dearly loving his daughter, whilst in health, inured to the hardships of his calling, and esteemed by the few who knew him, or of him—had little care for the future, save to provide, if possible, at the proper time, for the coming welfare of his child. Nell had come to be nearly eighteen years old, and the father looked upon her ripened, and yet ripening charms with all a parent's fond solicitude.

"I cannot give her fortune," he would say to himself, as he contemplated the future for her, "alack! I have no fortune to bestow! She is so like her angel-mother, too. It would be hard indeed if she must be joined to one who cannot better provide for her comfort and happiness, than her poor father has been able to do."

Poor—ambitious—over-anxious Harry Noell! How little did he reflect that his "treasure" was as happy as any bird upon the wing, always joyous and contented in her humble home—never dreaming of being separated from her parent, and having no wish for any change of life from that which she had only known, thus far, from the cradle, up.

"To be sure," Harry would argue, mentally, as he brooded upon the subject, "her mother lost no time, and spared no care in her education, before she was taken away from us; and Nell has well profited from the instruction bestowed on her. But she has seen little of the world, society would startle her, should she be

suddenly thrown upon other than her present resources, and I must look to it, seasonably."

When the wind howled along the dreary coast, and when the combers rolled in roughly against the long rocky beach below the light-house, such thoughts as these would force themselves on Harry's mind. The day that was now just closing had been a gloomy one, and the light-keeper found himself alone, thus buried in thought, intent upon some plans of temporal advantage for his daughter's benefit, as such time as he might, peradventure, be taken away from her—or when she should have become "of age." As the evening shadows began to hang over the land and sea, it was the custom at the light, before sunset to survey the horizon with the glass, and note if any vessels were in sight. While her father lingered in his room, still thinking of what he might do for his daughter's good, Nell had taken the glass for the customary examination before the lighting of the lanterns—when she described, far away in the windward, a small object that resembled a craft of some kind—upset or dismantled, apparently—and encumbered with a sail or large sheet of cloth. She lost no time in apprising her father of the discovery.

"It may be a yawl, or a long-boat—possibly a yacht," said Nell, as her father hurried on a rough-weather suit, "but I can't make it out exactly. At all events, it is a disabled boat of some kind; for I could distinctly see a large sail, I think, adrift upon the starboard side."

"How does it bear?" asked Harry.

"Here, to the south-eastward," was the reply, as Nell handed her father the glass.

"Go you, Nell," said her father, "and set the lights. The evening is so foggy I can make out nothing whatever. Are you certain the object lies at the southward?"

"Yes, father, to the southward and eastward."

"The wind has hauled since three o'clock," continued the light-keeper, "and it must drift beach-ward, whatever it may be. Set the lights, and we will go down and keep a good look-out for it."

While Nell was engaged as directed, the old man hastened down to the edge of the lower reef. The rocks jutting their black crowns from out the water, and the surge rolled heavily in from the sea, as both wind and tide were now tending shoreward. The brilliant lights quickly shot up from the top of the cone like building, and the tall tower with its bright glare stood like a huge sentinel with eyes of fire gazing out upon the troubled and heaving waters. The mist thickened, however, and it was soon impossible to see anything but a vast expanse of haze, illumined by the strong light until the surrounding atmosphere appeared like a mass of half-transparent snow.

Noell placed a large trumpet to his lips, and at the top of his lungs he shouted "hillo' o' ho—ho!" but the sound died without an echo on that lonely and ragged shore, when his daughter suddenly hurried to his side once more.

"I think, father," she said, "if we should take to the boat and touch at the outer point of the ledge, we might possibly learn more of the party in distress, if it be some unfortunate craft or tender that is crippled."

"So we might, Nell," said the old man, "but do you not observe how the sea runs? It would be no easy task to reach the outer reef, with both wind and tide so strong against us."

"But, father, it may be that we may thus save a life or lives, happy, and—"

"Right, girl, right; I will go," responded Noell, at once; and he turned towards his daughter that lay up on the beach. When he launched it, as he did in a moment longer, Nell sprang into it, first, and seized the bow or without a word of remark.

"No, my daughter, no," said the light-keeper, "you need not go to-night."

"But I prefer to be with you, father."

"Not this time, I can manage very well, alone. Go, to the lights. It's a hard pull, for the tide is now at half-flood; but I can stem it, and will soon return. Give me the oar."

narrow thwart, plunged her ear into the water, and cried:

"Pull away, father—pull away. We'll soon be there; and, suiting her actions to the word, she settled down to the work with so hearty a will that Noell found himself obliged to lay it, at last, to prevent the boat from being swamped.

"I did not mean you should go out on the water to-night," said her father. "It is cold and rough, and you will not be the gainer by it."

"Pull away!" shouted Nell, good-naturedly, "we've been out on these waters many a worse night than this, surely. Steady, now, not too briskly," she continued, throwing back her long, dark curls that fluttered around her shoulders. "And as to being the gainer, if I can aid a poor sailor, or other unfortunate, who may be in peril upon the great deep, am I not largely a gainer, when I afford such relief?"

"Right again, girl—right, again. Steady now. How bears the point?"

"A mile out, yes—nearly."

"Not so far, I think."

"We got on, but slowly against the current."

They were full three quarters of a mile from the Gap. So, pull—now!"

A brave girl was Nell Noell, truly, and a sweet creature, too, albeit she could handle an oar, haul up a fore-sail, or set a jib, as readily as an old salt. But, from her infancy, she had known no other kind of life; and she enjoyed its excitement and its pleasures vastly, for the occupation, from long experience, had become a "part and parcel of her making-up."

"What's that?" suddenly asked old Noell, as he peered up through the haze, at something that was floating sluggishly inward, a cable's length to leeward of the dory.

"That's it—that's it!" shouted Nell, instantly. "Slack your oar! Now, come about."

"She recognized the object she had discovered two hours previously, and which had drifted thus far toward the beach in the same condition that it was when first seen by the light-keeper's daughter, from the shore. In a moment or two, the dory was alongside the drift, which proved to be a small sloop-rigged yacht, on the way to Dover, from a pleasure trip to Calais. Her mast had been broken, and the mainmast lay extended over the stern and larboard quarter, dragging in the water. A portion of the wreck had been cut away, as it proved, but there appeared no one on board to tell the history of the accident. A grapple was put over the bow, and, aided by wind and current, the dory returned to the beach in safety with the prize.

Noell lost no time, assisted by his daughter, in securing the dismantled craft in a place of safety till morning. But, what was their surprise and terror, as they were about leaving the yacht for the night, to hear a slight moan, or sigh, as if proceeding from some one in deep bodily distress, on board the ill-fated vessel!

CHAPTER II.

THE OCCUPANT OF THE YACHT.

NELL turned to look upon her father, and if she could have seen his face she would have noticed the alarm that pervaded his features—but, fortunately, it was too dark for any exchange of glances, at the moment—and so Nell broke the temporary silence, with the query:

"Did you hear anything, father?"

"It must be so," quickly responded Noell.

"A light, Nell, quickly—a light," and the daughter hastened for a lantern.

In the meantime, the light-keeper got on board the yacht, and hailed the supposed sufferer, whose groaning was now clearly audible, from below. Whether there was more than one person there, Noell could not determine; and the weight of the canvass, saturated as it was with water and entangled in the torn rigging, was so great as to prevent him, in the pitchy darkness, from ascertaining but the mere fact (which he could not now mistake) that some one was in pain and peril on board the little wreck.

A light was very shortly seen in the distance, and the cheering voice of Nell was heard above the rocks, as she hurried on, shouting, "coming, father—coming!" and, as she tripped along to his side, she asked:

"Who is it? Have you found him? What has happened to them?"

"I know nothing, yet, Nell," said the parent; "but, bearing-hand, now, case up this sheet, so, press the sail over—cheerily! so she moves, now, that is well—bring the light."

The lantern was placed on the stern of the boat, and close by the head of the mast, beneath a heavy splinter, a beam was discovered. In the boat was a man's foot, secured as closely to the side of the vessel as if it had grown there. And, as the search was continued, a body was quickly made out. It proved to be that of a young man about twenty years old, who lay in the lee scupper, upon his face, with neck drown-

ed, or smothered, and who was instantly raised up from his awful situation, to afford him a chance to breathe, provided it were not too late!

The fragment of timber that had pinned him was then forced away, the mast fell over the side, and the youth was drawn up out of the ruins and the water, almost lifeless. He made no sign, and gave no evidence that the spirit had not fled, save a low, deep sighing, or rather heavy breathing, as if his lungs had been crushed, apparently—and probably—by the mast as it fell. Though Noell repeatedly and kindly interrogated him, he obtained no sort of reply, save groans; and taking him up on his back, as gently as it was possible to handle him, Nell slowly led the way with the flickering lantern, and the injured man was borne to the light-keeper's dwelling.

When morning came (after a night passed with watching and bathing and friction), the young man was found to be apparently free from excessive pain, and no bones were found broken. The vessel was examined and thoroughly overhauled as soon as the day broke. No other bodies were found on board, but the little craft proved to be a beautiful vessel, well appointed and elegantly furnished. Under her stern-rail were found in a gilded scroll, the words "WAIF, DOVER," and the same inscription appeared upon several pieces of furniture in the choicely decorated little cabin.

The light-keeper saw that he was stranded, and some slight injury had occurred from the breaking of the mast; but otherwise, the yacht was unharmed. For three days, such was the continued illness of the young stranger—no farther information was elicited in regard to the wreck, except what we have related and what was conjectured by the light-keeper and his daughter, who continued to attend their patients with a fatherly and a sisterly care.

On the morning of the third day after he entered Noell's house, the young man struggled a good deal, as if dreaming of some fearful scene, in which he was himself an actor.

"Hold hard—up, hard, Manfred!" he cried, fitfully, as if giving some earnest directions to a third person, in his sleep. "Now, ease her, gently—let go! let go! Fast, foul! Cut away, cut the main-sheet! For God's sake, quick! There she goes! Hold on, Manfred—oh! and then she sprang up, wildly, from the low mattress, to be seized by the powerful arms of Harry Noell, who was watching at his bedside at the moment. He relapsed again into unconscious quiet, and his benefactor was as wise as before in regard to the details of his history, or how he was wrecked, save by surmise.

As the discoloration of the bruise upon his forehead disappeared, a remarkable brow was developed in the stranger's case. Broad and massive—now peculiarly white and prominent, from his unusual paleness, probably—and very high, this feature was strikingly noticeable. His other lineaments were regular and well fashioned, and he might rightfully be termed an exceedingly handsome youth. His hands were small and white, too, and the delicate fingers and nails showed plainly that he had never seen much of toil or active labor.

A small diamond ring of singularly antique shape and setting was discovered upon his finger, which after two or three days Noell drew from his hand. On the inside were the initials P. P. The ring was replaced, and nothing further could be ascertained. After a week's delay (in the hope that the stranger would recover so as to account for the accident), Noell resolved to visit Dover, and ascertain such particulars as might be obtainable, under the circumstances. His intended trip was interrupted, however, on the morning of his finally contemplated departure, by the more favorable aspect of the stranger's symptoms. During the day, he came to himself, once more, and suddenly accented the light-keeper with the natural question:

"Where am I?"

Noell was greatly rejoiced to hear his patient speak, and he quickly replied, in a fatherly tone:

"You are safe, and in good quarters."

"And Manfred?"

"Who is Manfred?"

"My friend and partner—Manfred."

"Yes," continued Noell, humoring his now quiet mind, "I have heard that name before; but I wanted to know who he is?"

"I mean Manfred—my partner. And the Waif?" continued the stranger, "what became of her?"

"She is safe, also, and is now moored beneath your window, yonder."

"And the others," he continued, in a whisper, "the other two. What of them?"

The light-keeper saw that he was wandering again, and deemed the exertion too great for him at present. So he told him to be quiet, and he would tell him more when he had had a little rest.

"Tell me," said the patient, suddenly, once more—"I am she that sits about me, here? I have seen her to-day, surely—and before this. How long have I been here? What is her name? Was I not hurt? Who is she?"

"That is a friend of yours," said Noell, pleasantly. "Now take some rest, and I will talk further with you when you are refreshed, and are better able to converse."

By slow degrees, the wearied and wounded young man revived, and commenced to improve. His fever still clung to him, but he was at length sufficiently recovered to be able to connect the hitherto broken and imperfect account that his friends at the light-house had been so anxious to arrive at.

They learned from him, at length, that he had joined a little pleasure party at Dover, and in company with his friend, Manfred, and two others, sailed for Calais, in the yacht mentioned, where they arrived after a pleasant voyage. After a few days passed there, they were returning home, when a squall came up, as they were crossing the Straits of Dover. The little vessel had become unmanageable (from the inexperience of her helmsman), and was thrown first aback, and then coming up, a frightful gale caught her, before the mainmast could be controlled. The rigging got foul, the sheet being entangled below, and her mast suddenly crashed over the side, as the "Waif" heeled upon her beam-ends! His companions were all washed into the sea, and he must have shared their fate, but that he found himself, at that instant, fastened to the deck—his foot having been caught by a portion of the fallen mast.

After an hour or two the sail ceased up and the ruins slipped aft, when the hull righted again, though he was still unable to escape from his frightful position. Before night the yacht shipped a sea, which moved the mainmast forward once more, covering him completely beneath its heavy folds. A loose block attached to the yard-arms struck him upon the forehead, and he knew nothing further of yacht, companions, or aught in life, until he found himself under the kindly protection of the light-keeper and his lovely daughter.

"But you have not yet informed us who is Manfred," said Noell. "I am desirous to know more of him, that I may communicate with him, or his friends, and deliver to him or them his property—for I understand you to say the yacht is his?"

"You are right," continued the invalid. "Manfred was my early friend, and he has lately been a valued patron—whom I fear I am left to mourn for! He can scarcely have been rescued, I imagine!" continued the youth, inquiringly.

"That is by no means impossible," rejoined Noell, soothingly, though he had little cause to hope for such good fortune; "he may have been picked up by a stray vessel, and I shall be glad to know that your friend is safe."

"He is the only son of a gentleman of great wealth in London, and is now—or rather he was, in the enjoyment of a handsome allowance. The 'Waif' belongs to Manfred, and under ordinary circumstances he was competent to sail and manage her—a performance he took great pride in. Our other friends, on board at the time of the catastrophe, were his former college mates. But they are lost, I am painfully certain—all lost, lost!"

A paroxysm of grief filled his heart at the contemplation of this awful probability, and he burst into tears as he dwelt on this terrible result.

"There is much to hope for," said Nell, at this moment, as she wiped the perspiration from the white forehead of the sufferer. "Spare your own escape from death is sufficiently marvellous to encourage the supposition that your companions may have been saved, as well. Do you bear in mind that the same Power which guided the shattered and crippled bark upon which you were so strangely fettered, into the very wake of our little boat, may have dealt as kindly with your friends, in some other manner?"

"God moves in a mysterious way," continued the fair being beside him, "and we may well trust to his mercy and wisdom."

"The youth was silent! He gazed into the soft, blue eyes of the lovely speaker, and he felt the force and beauty of this gentle and touching reproach—so eloquently and kindly expressed, and he then added:

"I will hope—I do hope, for the best. Manfred is a noble-hearted fellow, sir, if he still lives, you may readily communicate with him—Roswell Manfred, Gent.—at Dover. You will find it in your account, I promise you. Manfred

will not fail to reward your kindness to his friend, but, for myself, how can I requite the unlimited care I have so unweariedly bestowed on me? And, as for your daughter, here—Nelly! I am unable to repay—I never can discharge the debt I owe to you!”

“You can, at least, tell us who you are,” replied Nelly, with a womanly smile. “We have not yet learned to call you by name; and thus you have the advantage of us.”

“Yes, yes, I had not thought of that,” said the young man. “Sit down, Nelly. Sit by me, sir, if you will—for I am quite strong to-day, and my history (which is humble enough) will be very briefly told.”

CHAPTER III. THE ARTIST'S STORY.

It might occur to the reader, naturally enough, that the youth thus suddenly unexpected kindness, at the hands of so fair a creature as we have listened for the stranger's recital, would very readily fall in love with so gentle and agreeable a benefactor. Whether or not this was the case, remains to be developed hereafter. He made no display of being thus affected, at any rate, whatever were his secret sensations. Did Nelly care for him, particularly? Did the poor light-keeper's only child, his cherished treasure, conceive a silent passion for the handsome stranger, thus singularly thrown across her path, at a time when such an event would not be deemed a very strange result? Had her manifold attentions to the invalid, her care and nursing and watching all been prompted by motives of benevolence and sense of duty, only? We shall see, as we proceed.

“My name,” he said, “is Alfred Wilford. My story can interest you but little, I am sure, for it is very common-place in its details. I am alone in the world. You have a father, Nelly, whose counsel and society you enjoy. I have neither father nor mother living. When quite a boy, I was thrown upon my own resources for a sustenance, and all the education I had received was that attainable at a common school.

“A taste for drawing and sketching was natural to me, and I turned my attention at an early age to the improvement and cultivation of the little talent I possessed. I practiced the use of colors, and have come to be a very imperfect but devoted artist. I am yet only a student, and a copyist. My friend, has been more than a brother to me. To his zeal and his aid, peculiarly, I am deeply indebted for my position and the little success I have enjoyed.

“From fourteen to twenty years of age, he gave me the right hand of encouragement, and I am at last placed on a footing that, until now, promised me fortune in the future. If he has been taken away, I am alone, indeed!

“I have nothing to add to this,” continued Wilford, after a moment's silent grief. “You know me, now, short as has been my story. I was born of poor parents, they were removed by death before I had seen half a score of years, I aimed to become a painter, I have struggled on, alone, until this hour, and I find myself under this roof, indebted to your hospitality, sir—and your care, sweet Nelly, to an amount that I regret to add, I cannot repay!”

“On that score, Wilford,” responded Nelly, “give yourself no uneasiness. Could we have done less than to search for what we supposed (after discovering the wreck) was a vessel that might contain human beings? After reaching the shore, and hearing your groans, could we have done less than to offer such succor as our positions enabled us to give, or such attentions as the heart of humanity so naturally dictates? You give us too much credit for a small service, that is easily required. Your exhibition of gratitude is sufficient. Under similar circumstances, I am sure you would have done quite as much for us, or for others who might so unfortunately have been perilled. And now for Manfred.”

“Yes, you will write to Dover, will you not, directly?” eagerly asked Wilford.

“Most certainly I will. I am quite as anxious as yourself to learn if any tidings have been had of your friends. It is now ten days since the accident occurred, and ample time has elapsed to allow of their return to Dover, if they were rescued. Besides this, I have no doubt it will be gratifying to my dear sir, if you safety, if he survives.”

“You are right, my dear sir, in your estimate of his friendship for me. Pray address him immediately. If he is able, he will come hither, at once, I am certain.”

While Wilford slept, after this interview, Nelly seated himself at the little round table, and hastily penned the following epistle to—

“ROSWELL MANFRED, GENT., DOVER.

“Sir—I am this moment put in possession of your address, under the following painfully interesting circumstances.

“Ten days ago, I picked up, adrift, off Beachy Head Light, a yacht, known as the *Waif*, and which I have just learned is your property. Upon towing her to the beach, I discovered that she had been dismantled, and I found the body of a young man on board, fastened singularly to the side of the deck, by means of a fallen fragment of the wreck, that caught his foot, and who was otherwise injured and grievously exhausted.

“We secured your vessel, and afforded the young man such relief, then and since, as our humble means would permit. He revived slowly, and to-day we have for the first time heard him speak intelligibly. He calls himself Alfred Wilford, and claims Mr. Manfred for his friend. He furnishes us with your address, and I write, by special messenger to ask if you know him, and what shall be done with your property, if this communication finds you. I pray you may have been so fortunate as to have been saved without injury; and hoping this may reach you, safely harbored, I am, in haste, yours, etc., etc.”

HARRISON NOELL, light-keeper.
“Beachy Head Point, Saturday, A. M.”

Noell proceeded immediately across the beach, some two leagues, to the nearest house in his

vicinity, where he found a courier whom he despatched with this letter to Dover, with directions to deliver the person whom it was addressed, and to return, post haste, with such reply as he could obtain. It was uncertainty, of course, for none of the parties at the light had the slightest means of knowing whether any such person as Manfred could be found—or if he ever existed, if he had escaped from the wreck.

Nevertheless, hope made the hearts of the light-keeper and his daughter buoyant. They had been long conversant with similar scenes of danger and mishap, and they taught themselves to look at the bright side of events until the shadow of the picture had become fact.

The hours that passed from the time the despatch left the beach, until they could hear from Dover, proved, as may well be supposed, a dreary and anxious period of time. But Wilford was rapidly improving. His fever calmed, his bruises had healed suddenly, and he recovered his faculties of body and mind in a brief space after his consciousness fully returned. He detailed the unimportant events of his early life to patient listeners, and, as he continued to improve, his benefactors became more and more interested and pleased with his appearance and deportment.

“And you tell me the messenger cannot return before to-morrow evening?” said Wilford to Noell, on the day after he left.

“Possibly, in the morning of to-morrow,” said Noell; “but, if he did not find your friend (or his representative) readily, after reaching town, there may be a delay of a few hours in his return.”

“It is very tedious, sir, is it not?”

“You are anxious, and so am I. But we must wait patiently. If Manfred has not returned to Dover,” continued Noell, looking at the chance of his loss, “if he is gone—”

“That is it—that is my fear,” replied Wilford, feelingly. “Poor fellow! What a night he must have passed, at best, after the accident!”

“Was there no other craft in sight when the squall struck you?” asked the light-keeper.

“Not within hail. The weather had been fair, though we started from Calais with a cracking breeze. Manfred was impulsive, and, in all his movements, exceedingly self-relying. We suggested after dinner, I remember, that he was carrying too much sail; and the small white cap-clouds that fitted across the heavens after mid-day should have warned him of what we each of us felt satisfied, that the wind was fitful and unsteady, and at an moment's gust might injure us. Before four o'clock, the wind shifted, and we were forced to beat up, as we crossed the Straits. After running down, on the larboard tack, some hour or more, we tacked again, and coming about the yacht mis-timed, her back, and at that moment the gust struck her.

The sea was running high, she pitched hard forward, and we heard the crash of the falling mast. I knew but little more. Manfred went off the stern, as we shrieked to him and to each other, my companions disappeared, and night was fast coming on, when I found myself pinioned to the deck—helpless and exhausted.”

“Yet you say there was a vessel in sight of you, at the time of the disaster?” again asked Noell.

“Not at the moment when the gale struck us, I think.”

“But, during the afternoon?”

“Yes. A small brig, in our wake, perhaps three or four miles distant. When we took the shock, the weather had come to be hazy, and the brig was astern of us, but not in view, clearly.”

“Now there is hope, indeed!” exclaimed the light-keeper, cheerfully. “The brig continued on her course, undoubtedly, and if your friends were swimmers—unless they were crippled in some way—they might have sustained themselves in the water for a long time, and the chances would be in favor of their being picked up. Courage, Wilford! I have never told you of this before. Your friends may yet be safe.”

“Heaven grant it be so,” was Wilford's earnest prayer.

“See, father! What is that?” shouted Nelly, at this moment, pointing to a most unusual sight, down the beach, a mile from the house.

A horse, at full gallop, was dashing towards the light-keeper's dwelling, scrambling and tumbling on among the rocks and hollows of the beach, at a break-neck pace.

“It is our messenger, from Dover,” said Noell, instantly. “But that can hardly be. Give me the glass, Nelly!”

He turned the telescope upon the advancing rider, and said:

“No, it isn't him, at all events. I thought it improbable that he could have arrived so quickly.”

“Who can it be?” queried Nelly.

“Some accident has happened about the Point, I fear,” added Noell. “But, here he is, to explain his errand.”

The rider dashed up to the door of the light, sprang from his saddle, and throwing the bridle over a corner of the fence, entered the house without ceremony, meeting Noell near the threshold.

“What has happened?” eagerly asked the latter.

“Wilford, Wilford!” said the young horse-man, impetuously—“is here!”

“Manfred! My friend! Thank God—he is alive!” shouted the invalid, wildly, as the aide-door opened; and the next moment, the two friends were fast locked in each other's arms!

There was joy in the light-house of Beachy Head that day, of a truth. And none were happier than was Harry Noell and his kind-hearted daughter.

CHAPTER IV. MANFRED AND WILFORD.

For some minutes after the mutual recognition, no word was spoken by a single member of that astonished, joyful, enthusiastic group. Wilford did not doubt his own safety this time, for he actually pressed to his heart the living form of his dearest friend. But, when the first ebullition of grateful joy was over, he plied his companion with queries so rapidly, without waiting for an

answer to either of his anxious inquiries, that Manfred couldn't keep pace with his impetuosity.

“Tell me,” said Wilford, “are you safe? Were you hurt? How were you rescued? And Henry—Wallace—where are they? Were you long in peril? Did you see no more of the *Waif*? Come, come, Manfred, this is joy indeed! Tell us—tell my benefactors, here, all about the disaster. I forgot—Noell, this is my friend. Nelly, let me present you to Manfred. Ah, my boy, you're ever so unlicky—which Heaven forbid! If you are ever so unfortunate as to be cast adrift or ashore, as helpless as I was, may you find a nurse like Nelly Noell, and as good a friend as I have found herself and her father.”

Manfred shook the now extended hands of his new acquaintances right heartily; and then in his careless, frank and natural manner, began from the beginning—addressing himself now to Wilford, now to Nelly, and then to her father, in a recapitulation of the disaster and the final escape of himself and companions.

“Well, miloby,” he said, “it's all over now—and, in one word, all of us are safe and sound again. I say all, because I see that you are worth a score of dead men. I am perfectly well, and the boys are both happy as yachts. So, cheer up, once more. Wallace and Harry send all kinds of good greeting to you, and they look for your early return to Dover, which I have promised them shall be accomplished without unnecessary delay.

“But, that was a blow though, to be sure!” he added.

“You are right, Manfred. Didn't we caution you to reef, though? And didn't you smile at Harry and me for what you were pleased to term our ‘fresh-water sailorism,’ when old Boreas rattled down on our little craft like a fiery tornado?”

“Well, we escaped, miloby—and I was a little too confident, that's all.”

“We started from Calais,” he continued, turning to Noell, “with a good seven-knot breeze, but it changed, and we were forced to beat up the Channel. The boat didn't come about as I anticipated, we missed stays, the squall struck us, and directly we shipped a sea that knocked the timber out of us in a jiffy! All hands, as I supposed, went by the board when the yacht heeled. I saw two of my companions, but heard nothing of Wilford. However, it was too late to think of rendering anybody else service, at that moment, and I struck out on my own account, as the boat passed away, tumbling over the waves to seaward, like a crushed egg-shell, so violent was the blow for half an hour.”

“You knew of the brig in your rear?” asked Noell.

“I had noticed her two hours before; but the fog was so thick that we could discern nothing, then. Five minutes after we found ourselves in the water, the yacht was out of sight, and I supposed she would sink, after the shifting of her ballast.”

“But she righted,” said Wilford.

“Yes; but we knew (and I cared), very little about the boat, any way. Our lives were worth swimming for, so we thought, and we breathed the waves right earnestly, you may say. I tell you, Wilford, the boys swim like ducks! But the game was unequal, and the odds were strongly against us. For choice, on my part, though I am not easily alarmed, I think I prefer some other bathing-spot that I could name, to that of the middle of the Straits of Dover, in a hurricane!”

“But how did you get out of your dilemma?”

“O, easy enough, as it turned out. You know, Wilford, the old rhyme about the

“‘Good little cherub who sits up aloft,
To look out for the fate of poor Jack—’”

“I've heard you repeat it,” said Wilford, with a smile.

“Well, I think the little fellow was close upon the track of the ‘Waif’ when she went over; and I make no doubt he sent the good brig to the rescue, and when she came to anchor, and the trio of yells that we sent up were not lost in the wind—though, as I said before, it did not do, prodigiously. Captain Blanche, God bless his good hearing and his good heart, lost no time in coming to our assistance. He lowered away his boat and we were very soon safely aboard his vessel. The brig lay, for the first time, in the hope of seeing the ‘Waif’ again—but she could not be found, and we put away for Dover, with hearts grateful for our own preservation, but deeply saddened by the thought that our friend Wilford had become food for the sharks. As nothing further was heard of the yacht, I concluded she had gone to the bottom! And, thinking my own lucky stars that I wasn't in her to go down, also, I gave up all idea of possessing her again, or of hearing from our missing associate—when your messenger, sir, found me, and brought me your thrice welcome letter. I sprang to my feet, ordered horses, took a relay as often as I could find it, and—here I am, miloby—give us your hand, once more!”

Another general congratulation and shaking of hands followed the recital, for all the parties present were very happy; and then Manfred inquired for the first time about the yacht.

“You say you towed her up, sir?”

“She is moored close to the beach, below us, sir,” said Noell. “Shall we go and look at her?”

“Is she much injured?”

“Very little, I think,” replied the light-keeper.

“Her mast is gone, the deck is somewhat cracked, and the rigging is torn out, I find. But, with the exception of these and the damage by the water that rushed into the cabin, she is as staunch and sound as ever. Come, we will examine her.”

Wilford was unable to walk to the beach, and the other two proceeded to look at the yacht. They had to wade in a sort of creek that made up inland from the shore of the beach, where she was out of the way of harm in boisterous weather. As had been suggested by Noell, little serious damage had been done to her, ex-

cepting the breaking of the mast and its consequences, and Manfred was astonished to find the little vessel in so good a condition. After removing to the cabin a few portable articles that were taken from the cabin and the lockers, they returned again to the house.

Roswell Manfred was the only child of Eaton Manfred, of Dover, England. He had enjoyed a collegiate education, and was a young man of fair talents, good head and affectionate disposition. The very large fortune which his father enjoyed afforded the son a liberal allowance, and he was too well provided with the world's goods to practise any profession. He kept a fine stud of horses, was a connoisseur in pictures and sculpture, an excellent shot, an intrepid sportsman, and loved his yacht to excess, though he was not a very skillful sailor. His attachments were ardent and strong, and among his early and fast friends, young Wilford, a penniless artist, ranked foremost. Roswell Manfred could appreciate a favor, at its full value, great or small, and those who loved his friends he was sure to love in return.

“What shall we do with the ‘Waif’?” asked Noell, when they returned to the house, and sat down to a lunch, prepared in their absence, by the attentive Nelly.

“The yacht cost me two thousand pounds,” replied Manfred. “I will have her overhauled at once, and refitted—and when complete, again, I will present her, with a thousand thanks, to Harry Noell, if he will accept the gift.”

This announcement took all by surprise, for no one anticipated any such liberality.

“My dear sir,” said Noell, “this is too much! Really, I could not think of being thus indebted.”

“Indebted! Nonsense, man! Do you imagine that we don't know and feel where the indebtedness lies? What you have done for my poor friend, here, you have done for me. The yacht is yours, by right of salvage. You picked her up adrift at sea—and the fitting her up, again, I claim as my right, in partial payment for your kindness to Wilford. I shall insist upon this, without apology. And you, Nelly, I will ask that when she marries, I may be permitted to add something to her dowry. What say you, Noell?”

“You are too kind, sir—but I will not oppose your handsome intentions,” responded the light-keeper, gratefully.

The daughter blushed at the allusion to herself, but, as she had never before heard the word “salvage,” she could not readily obtain a carriage, in which you can ride home comfortably. What do you think?”

“As you will, Manfred. I am doing very well here, I assure you. If, however, we can get away, I have no doubt that Noell will gladly be relieved.”

“So I think; and to-morrow morning we will see how we can contrive it.”

Shelter was provided in the shed for Manfred's horse for the night, and the new-made acquaintances separated, in the evening, for rest.

There was no sleep, that night, however, for Nelly Noell! For the first time in her life she was wretched. Whatever were her thoughts, or from whatever cause arose this extraordinary disturbance in her hitherto uniformly content—it was unknown, unmentioned to any living being.

She arose in the morning, the breakfast was served, an additional horse had been procured, and the two young men were ready at last to depart.

“I am unable to add anything, pecuniarily, to the liberality of my friend Manfred,” said Wilford, as he sat down to breakfast with Nelly, “but you have my ardent gratitude, and will always have my prayers for your health and prosperity. The time may come when I can do more than offer you these thankful words. I shall not let slip my first opportunity.” Then taking the little diamond ring from his finger, he turned to the daughter, and added:

“Nelly, to your kind solicitude and constant care, I am indebted too deeply to think of rewarding it. But, you will accept this trifle, I know, from me. It is of small account, but it may serve to remind you of the poor artist, hereafter, when he is far away from you. You will permit me to write to you, too—will you not, sir?” he continued, turning to her father, who nodded his assent, “and I will tell you of my success in the future. Take the ring, then—and with it the assurance of my warm and constant remembrance.”

“A very pretty speech, to be sure!” ventured Manfred, disposed to check a tear that he saw was starting—from the eye of no-matter-who!

“Come, miloby, let's get away.”

The parting was prolonged, but at length they said adieu! And, an hour afterwards, the friends were comfortably ensconced in an ample travelling chaise, on the road to Dover.

CHAPTER V. A HOME OF WEALTH AND EASE.

BURTON HOUSE, the residence of Mr. Manfred, Senr., was a princely estate. It was located a short distance back from the seashore, on the outskirts of Dover, and every element of luxury and beauty and utility found its appropriate place in the grounds and mansion of its wealthy proprietor.

The wide domain that circled the dwellings comprised an extended area of acres, over which were tastefully laid out clean hard gravelled roads, which wound through a variety of scenery, for miles in length—affording beautiful drives

of high mortal steeds, to think of an estate, which were constantly abroad in fine weather, for the recreation of the family and their numerous visitors.

Manfred rallied his friend upon his confession, and endeavored to dissuade him from thinking further of the risky beauty. This only added fuel to the flame, and Wilford secretly determined upon pushing his pretensions further. He was charmed with Miss Simpson's manner and conversation, and was soon found in her train of admirers, a prominent and seemingly well-favored gallant.

Night succeeded party—balls and routs and rides, by party and day, filled up the entire time of the guests, and a more brilliant season never was passed at Burton House. In the midst of all this round of pleasure, Wilford was constantly brought into contact with Miss Simpson, who, he thought, was a fine creature, in fact, he was, in fact, completely, his shafts were aimed at young Manfred, and

A beautiful lake upon the “Great Hill,” in the rear of the grounds furnished an ample supply of water for a myriad of fountains and jets that were scattered in various portions of the grounds and terraces. Artificial ponds, rare statuary, and elegantly fitted parlors were seen at various points. A splendid park, with its groves and clumps of trees, its streams and pleasant walks, skirted the southerly side, for a long distance, which wound a hundred noble deer. There was no lack of the useful or ornamental, the artificial or natural, the artistic or the fanciful, to render “Burton House” a magnificent and princely home, a retreat of wealth and comfort and ease. And here, amid the continuous rounds of pleasure and enjoyment that characterized the home of the gentleman of pride and leisure—the proprietor dwelt, surrounded by a retinue of friends and acquaintances who kept the establishment of servants, attaches, horses and hounds in full employment, throughout the entire year.

To this home, by invitation of young Manfred, the artist Wilford was now being borne, after his rescue and temporary illness at the light-keeper's humble abode. He had visited Burton House before this, and, at the time of the accident, he was on a visit to his friend, who took him out to Calais on the pleasure trip which so nearly cost him his life. Roswell Manfred had proved a dutiful son, and he was so well beloved by his father, and his parent confided so implicitly in his only child that he was as much the master at Burton House as if the estate were his own, with all attached to it.

Nor did he attach his father's indulgence and princely liberality towards him. No son had ever entered a deeper feeling of veneration and love for a parent than did the youth of whom we are writing. The confidence and the affection were mutual between them; and the boy was permitted unlimited use of his rich father's very lengthy purse. He lived extravagantly, in consequence—but the old gentleman was wont to say, when some careful friend would suggest that Roswell was living too fast—well, I allow him two thousand pounds a year, for his private purse, and I cheerfully pay all his bills, besides, as fast as they are presented. If that want keep him up, why—I must give him more!”

At the close of a fine clear day, a strange carriage came slowly up the great avenue that terminated at the front terrace, from which there alighted the two young men whom we last met at the light-keeper's dwelling. Manfred had reached home safely with Wilford, who was now quite recovered, and who was only a little weak from the effects of his late accident and fever.

As the recognized friend of his son, Mr. Manfred, Senior, greeted the new-comer cordially, and bade him a hearty welcome, again, to the pleasures and hospitalities of Burton House.

“I shall require you to rest awhile, now,” said the good old gentleman, kindly; “and no more yachting, here, at present, do you hear?”

This caution was hardly necessary. They had quite enough of sea-life to suffice them, for the season, at least.

The interior of Burton House, proper, was furnished and appointed in a style of elegance fully equal to the splendid fortune of its owner. The drawing and reception-rooms—the great parlors and a special dining hall—the picture gallery and library, all were superbly finished and decorated throughout. Old Manfred's income was immense, and, like the “fine old English gentleman,” that he was, he spared no means no cost, to render his establishment worthy of its wide-spread fame.

Within a week from the day of Wilford's arrival, a party of Londoners came down to the estate, and a special dinner hall—the picture gallery and library, all were superbly finished and decorated throughout. Old Manfred's income was immense, and, like the “fine old English gentleman,” that he was, he spared no means no cost, to render his establishment worthy of its wide-spread fame.

Among the young ladies who formed a portion of this party was one Charlotte Simpson—to whom we must devote a paragraph, *passant*.

This lady was exceedingly fair to look upon, and her countenance was so attractive. She belonged to a family of decayed nobility, and had only a name to sustain on. She was the heir to a moderate fortune, in prospective, however—and, being under the protection of a rich uncle, who favored her, evidently, she did not lack admirers in plenty. But Miss Simpson was a butterfly—a heartless, spoiled coquette—beautiful in form and features, but aristocratic in all her ideas, and scornfully proud to the last degree. She came to Burton House to make a conquest. She had met with young Manfred, and she had ascertained his pecuniary value!

Young Wilford was struck with her beauty, and before he realized the consequences, or the importance of the step, he acknowledged to Manfred, Junior, that he thought her an angel.

“She's a little flighty, miloby,” replied his friend. “She coars in a region that you will scarcely reach, I think.”

“Is she rich?” asked Wilford.

“No. She has some expectation, I hear, when some old aunt pops off; and I believe her uncle, who is with her, thinks her a saint; and he is wealthy and may die at some time or other; though, by Jove! he looks very little like it now—to be sure!” continued Manfred, pointing to a fine robust gentleman of fifty, who sat upon the lawn after a sumptuous dinner, enjoying the evening shade and air.

Manfred rallied his friend upon his confession, and endeavored to dissuade him from thinking further of the risky beauty. This only added fuel to the flame, and Wilford secretly determined upon pushing his pretensions further. He was charmed with Miss Simpson's manner and conversation, and was soon found in her train of admirers, a prominent and seemingly well-favored gallant.

Night succeeded party—balls and routs and rides, by party and day, filled up the entire time of the guests, and a more brilliant season never was passed at Burton House. In the midst of all this round of pleasure, Wilford was constantly brought into contact with Miss Simpson, who, he thought, was a fine creature, in fact, he was, in fact, completely, his shafts were aimed at young Manfred, and

she attempted through his acknowledged friend, to reach the heart (or the hand, at least), of the youthful millionaire. But Howell treated her with civility and courteous hospitality, only; he entertained not the slightest fancy for such a being, and she saw with mortification that her attempt to ensnare that bird was a signal failure.

The surprise and chagrin of young Wilford may be fairly imagined, however, when, upon a chance opportunity, as the guests were about to return to London, he ventured during their garden stroll to take the hand of Miss Simpson in his own, and hint to her his passion.

"Sir!" she exclaimed, as she scornfully drew back her delicate fingers, and cast upon Wilford a gaze of affected astonishment, "you really are not serious!"

The artist declared his love, notwithstanding this rebuff.

"Then, sir," she continued, "you do not know me?" and leaving the young man to unravel these few rather expressive words, as she deemed them, the coquette passed quickly to the mansion, unattended.

"Laura," she said to her confidante, at evening, "who do you imagine knelt to me, to-day?"

"Upon my word, Charlotte, I cannot divine, you are so constantly surrounded with suitors. Was it Manfred?"

"No," replied Miss Simpson, "it was not Manfred."

"Who, then?"

"Why, that insignificant friend of his—the young painter."

"Wilford?"

"Yes," said the beauty, contemptuously.

"And what did you say to him, pray?"

"Say! Nothing. I deemed him entirely beneath notice. When he told me he had dared to love me, I said 'Sir' and left him kneeling among the violets. He has neither name, nor fortune."

"But his talent is acknowledged, I hear."

"Nonsense, Laura. He is a dependant on Manfred's bounty. I was surprised at his presumption, though it cannot annoy me."

The following day the party broke up, and the Londoners departed. Wilford was penitent and thoughtful, but he kept his disappointment a secret.

CHAPTER VI.

THE REJECTED SUITOR.

ALFRED WILFORD had been too sanguine and too self-confident, in his estimation of his own position and attractions. The dashing, ambitious Miss Simpson had no idea of "sacrificing" herself, as she was pleased to term it, to the questionable charge of a poor artist who had neither name, fame, nor gold! Her aim was higher; and, though she had led Wilford on by means of her flirting and coquetry, and encouraged him to propose, in order that she might boast of another victim to her proud caprice, she utterly flouted the idea of receiving him as a suitor for her hand.

"No, no, Laura," she added, surveying her handsome form and attractive face in the large mirror of her boudoir, "if he were a Von Bunn, a Marquis, or even a Harst—anybody who was known in the world, I might favor him; for really he is not a bad-looking man, and converses charmingly. But a Simpson would hardly answer for the wife of a poverty-stricken artist, eh?"

"You will scarcely be troubled with importunity from him, I judge," replied her friend. "He has shown too much spirit for that, already."

"Spirit! Spirit in a poor painter! Why, Laura, I repeat it, Wilford is a dependant upon young Manfred, who buys his pictures—or whatever they can be called—for the sake of keeping the poor fellow's head above water, but who is aware, notwithstanding his continuous charity, that the young man has very little real for himself. I think you are in error on this point," replied Laura. "I have heard Mr. Manfred remark that he had produced some very fine pictures; and the Duchess of Glenville has contracted with him, lately, for her portrait, I know."

"The Duchess! Are you sure of this?"

"O, yes. Her first lady-in-waiting informed me of it, a week since."

"I am sorry I did not know of this, before—"

for Wilford had asked me, repeatedly, to sit to him for my picture."

"And you remember the handsome Lord Tuttleham, whom we encountered at Bath?"

"Perfectly well; and a charming gentleman he is, too."

"He is the brother-in-law of the duchess, you know?"

"Yes, and a gentleman of fortune."

"He, too, has ordered a picture of Wilford, recently. So that I think you will allow that he must have a degree of talent, in his way—for both her highness and the Tuttlehams are really acknowledged connoisseurs."

"I was very well pleased, Laura, with his lordship, and he treated me with exceedingly gracious politeness. I will sit to Wilford for my portrait. It may prove of advantage—to the young artist, I mean," she quickly added.

Wilford sat in his studio, at Dover, a few days after this conversation, engaged upon finishing up the elaborately painted drapery over the bust of the Duchess of Glenville's picture, which had honored him by sitting for her portrait. It was a very capital likeness, the coloring was without fault, and Lord Tuttleham had just given his opinion that it was admirably executed, when a rapping at the door was heard.

"Come in," said Wilford.

A liveried servant entered, and handed the artist a note, which ran as follows:

"Mr. Wilford: You were polite enough to hint that you would like me to sit to you for my portrait. Let me know when it will be convenient and agreeable to you to call on me, for my commensurate."

"I hope you have recovered from your little fit of passion, lately exhibited!"

"Respectfully, MISS SIMPSON."

"Beckle Terrace, Tuesday."

This was a pretty piece of mockery for young Wilford! He could not comprehend it—but his mind had been previously made up in regard to the aristocratic Miss Simpson.

"It is all right," said Wilford, to the servant, after a moment's reflection. "There is no reply."

The servant bowed himself out, and returned to his mistress.

"Where is your answer to the note?" she inquired.

"The gentleman read it, and said 'there is no reply.'"

It was now Wilford's turn. As soon as he found leisure, the next day, he forwarded the annexed epistle to

"Miss SIMPSON—Madame: Your note was received. I have been fully engaged up to this hour, of late, in completing orders for a few pictures for her grace the Duchess of Glenville, my Lord Tuttleham, Mr. Manfred and others, who honored me with calls. I am now about to leave England for the Continent, and shall not be able to attend to the correspondence proposed in yours of yesterday. Respectfully,

WILFORD."

The artist took care that this missive should find its way to Miss Simpson at an early hour, and having despatched it, he felt relieved.

He had really determined, however, to quit his present place of abode, with the design of visiting the schools of France and Germany, and to pass a few years, perhaps, in Italy, among the old masters. He would take out commissions from Manfred and other friends for several copies and originals, and he resolved to earn a name, or never return to his native Isle.

Manfred had already sent to Beachy Head for the yacht, which had been brought up and docked for refitting. New rigging, a fresh suit of sails, and all the necessary accompaniments of furniture, etc., were put aboard, and when in complete trim once more, she was launched again, to be sent back to her new owner.

"Will you join us, said Manfred to Wilford, when the boat was finally in readiness."

"Whither?"

"A trip down the coast."

"No, I thank you, my boy! No more boating for me."

"Nonsense! We are only going down to the light."

"Beachy Head—come along."

Nelly was there—an accomplished skipper had been engaged to pilot the "Waif" to her destination—Wilford was not opposed to visiting his friends, there—the weather was fine—he was no coward—he consented to go, upon Manfred's urgent solicitation.

An exceedingly pleasant voyage was that of the little party on this occasion. A fair wind met them in the channel, and they sailed down the coast in gallant style from the outset, without change of tack or sheet. A small evening gun upon the low of the "Waif" had been loaded for the purpose, and upon arriving abreast of the light-house, at nearly sunset, the sharp report it gave out, upon being discharged, aroused the curiosity of the declining very quickly.

The English ensign was waving from the peak, a neat streamer flaunted out from her truck, and the yacht never looked prettier than she did at the moment when she hovered under the high rock that jutted out into the sea, below old Noel's dwelling.

A light drizzle, occupied by two persons from the beach, quickly put an end to the beach to receive the little party, or to answer any questions that might be put, when—as the boat came within hailing distance—Harry Noel and Nelly were discovered, and three hearty ringing cheers went up from the lungs of the yacht company, for the light-keeper and his handsome daughter.

The greeting was cordial, on both sides. Noel was very agreeable—Nelly looked beautiful as ever, and Manfred was happy as a lord, because he saw everybody else so contented and joyful. The late owner of the "Waif" delivered her over to Noel, formally, and horses were directed orderly, by means of a neighbor who came down in the morning, and was now returning across the beach, to convey the little company homeward. A bottle of Hockheimer was circulated, health and long life to Noel and his daughter was drank, in brimming bumpers, and the parties separated, to meet no more for many years, if ever!

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

MARTIAL LAW IN CALIFORNIA.

Some of the members of the volunteer corps at Yerba Buena made their appearance one day on parade in a state bordering on intoxication. They were ordered to fall into line. All obeyed the order but one, Mr. P., well-known to those who lived in 1846. Mr. P. backed against one of the posts in front of the house before which Capt. H. had drawn up his men. "Fall into ranks," cried the captain. "I could not entertain the proposition; I can't leave this post, sir."

"Fall into ranks, if you don't I will take off your head, sir," rejoined the captain. "Take it, sir, it is at your service," said P. The captain drew his sword, a long-drawn one, and commencing one, two, three, Mr. P. all the while remaining immovable, whirled it around him, and at the word three cut the huge uniform of P. in two, just grasping his head. "There, sir," says the captain, "is a specimen of what I can do; the next cut off goes the head. Will you fall into the ranks now, sir?" "Yes, sir," said P. "I am perfectly satisfied." The hat was cut in two, as if done by a razor, and P. never winked an eye when the captain made the blow—*Pioneer*.

SCOTCH PRIDE OF BIRTH.

Bannister used to tell a story of his having been introduced, with his Banister, to an exceedingly "high-toned," not improbably, from circumstances, the prototype of Colman's Lady Lucrèce M'Tab, for she was "playful, proud and playful poor," and a drop of noble blood in the veins of her visitors served to wash out every other stain they might have been guilty of. Bannister, to an excellent presentation had taken place, the lady asked a wit of the day, who was present. "O, are the Banisters—are they of a good family?" "Yes," said the wit, "very good indeed; they are closely connected with the Stairs."

"O," said Lady Lucrèce, "a very ancient family of Ayrshire, date back to 1490; I am delighted to see your friends."—*English Journal*.

Written for The Flag of our Union.]

TRUST IN GOD.

BY WILLIAM B. LAWRENCE.

How many precious hours are lost

In sorrowing and repining!

Imaginary evils cost

The soul to waste in longing,

More of life's bitterness and tears,

Than real life with heart's own fears.

How often the spirit's eye may stand

Dark thoughts of coming woe,

The future—may it be for woe,

Or not—who here can know?

But "as thy day, thy strength shall be!"

This promise sweet should comfort thee.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

A SHRUG OF THE SHOULDERS.

BY MRS. M. E. ROBINSON.

A shrug of the shoulders can do, and often does, a great deal of mischief. Everybody remembers the maxim that actions speak louder than words; and so a curl of the lip, a meaning look, or a significant gesture, may have as much effect upon the observer as a vocally expressed sentiment. There is, in consequence, to be understood, sometimes, from the manner of speaking than from the mere words made use of. A shake of the head may express more doubt than the strongest language; while one incredulous smile is oftentimes more offensive than a flat contradiction or open opposition. A mother threatens her little son with punishment. He hears plainly enough, but he judges of her earnestness by the tone in which she speaks, rather than by what she says. It is very much so with "children of a larger growth."

The following incident illustrates the way we mean.

"You remember the ring I usually wear?" observed Mrs. Winn, in the presence of a neighbor.

"I do; it contained some of a deceased sister's hair, I believe," was the response of Miss Spencer.

"Yes; it is chiefly on that account that I value it so highly. Well, yesterday morning I had occasion to do some stitching, and not wishing to wet the ring, I took it off, and laid it carefully on the window-sill. I was called from the room unexpectedly, to wait upon some company, and quite forgot the circumstance; but when I recalled it, an hour afterwards, and went to look for the ring, it was not where I had left it. I searched the room thoroughly, moving every article of furniture, but unsuccessfully. It is a mystery to me what has become of it."

"Singular, certainly," said Miss Spencer.

"You don't keep help, I think you said?" she added, immediately.

"Mrs. Winn replied in the negative.

"You run some rooms, do you not?" the neighbor continued.

"A widow-lady and her daughter occupy four," returned Mrs. Winn, wondering to what all this questioning tended.

"And they employ an Irish girl?" Miss Spencer resumed.

"Yes."

"Does she come into your kitchen?"

"Not often—seldom without an errand."

"Have you any reason to suppose she was in yesterday morning, while you were in another room?" Mrs. Winn made a moment.

"I think she must have been," she said, at length, "for, upon reflection, I recollect that I found a bowl of sugar upon the table, that the family butler told me it was a week since."

"And the table stood near the window on which laid your ring?"

"Just beside it."

Miss Spencer shrugged her shoulders most expressively.

"But you don't mean to say—"

"I said nothing, my dear Mrs. Winn," interrupted the lady, with a light laugh, as she rose to leave; "but I certainly wish you may be fortunate enough to find your ring."

When Mrs. Winn found herself alone, she thought over what Miss Spencer had said; but after carefully reviewing her remarks, she was forced to the conclusion that the very significant gesture she had used expressed more than all. Suspicion had not once rested upon the girl spoken of, for Mrs. Winn was aware that she had lived in the family with whom she was then at service for two or three years, and was believed to be trustworthy and perfectly honest. But the ring, lying just before her, might have proved too strong a temptation for her integrity. Before forming any, however, Mrs. Winn meant to make sure whether the girl, or somebody else, had brought home the bowl of sugar. Accordingly, she stepped into the parlor where Mrs. Pierce was sitting, and made known her errand.

"I requested Catherine to take in the bowl. Did she not give you good measure?" said the latter.

"O, yes; I merely wanted to know who was the bearer. The errand was done correctly," replied Mrs. Winn, who was at a loss to know how to prosecute her inquiries.

"Mrs. Winn said you were not in the room at the time, and so she placed the sugar on the table," added the other, and then made a remark on another subject, apparently thinking the matter unworthy further attention.

One point was settled; Catherine—and she alone—had been in the kitchen during her (Mrs. Winn's) temporary absence. There was only circumstantial evidence, it was true; but the train of thought set in motion by Miss Spencer's suggestive shrug, ran rapidly to this conclusion—that the girl had purloined the ring. Freely these impressions she decided to speak freely to Mrs. Pierce.

"You believe Catherine to be perfectly honest, do you not?" she remarked, after a pause.

"I have no reason to think otherwise. Why do you ask?" was the somewhat surprised rejoinder.

Mrs. Winn explained, and the probabilities and possibilities of Catherine's guilt were fully discussed between the two ladies. Both agreed that her behavior and general appearance spoke strongly in her favor, but each also admitted that appearances could not always be trusted.

Mrs. Pierce was inclined to think that the ring had rolled off the window to the floor, into some corner or crevice, and been overlooked.

She recommended another close search before any further steps were taken. "To this Mrs. Winn made no objections, although certain that it would be fruitless; and so the event proved.

The girl's employer was much disturbed. She was a kind-hearted, considerate woman, and well knew it was no light thing to charge a person with theft. If proved, it would destroy her reputation for honesty, give her a name which eventually might be the means of inducing to crime of greater magnitude. Moreover, she liked Catherine. She had tried her integrity—tested her principles—put her power of resisting temptation to the proof, and she had invariably passed the ordeal triumphantly. At heart, Mrs. Pierce believed her innocent; but Mrs. Winn who was more influenced by Miss Spencer's convincing shrug than she would have been willing to admit, looked dissatisfied, shook her head dubiously, and so the former very reluctantly questioned the girl, in a kind and judicious way. She earnestly declared her innocence—protested with tears that she had no knowledge of the missing article.

Her straightforward manner, the frankness she manifested, and the grief she seemed to feel at the unpleasant situation in which she was placed, inclined her mistress to think that she really spoke truth, notwithstanding appearances were against her.

"She would deny it, as there is no positive proof against her. I learned something to-day, nevertheless, that confirms my previous impression. Catherine was seen to go into a pawn-broker's shop on the evening of the same day that the ring disappeared, which looks to me rather suspicious," said Mrs. Winn, after Mrs. Pierce had concluded the report of the girl's examination.

This new aspect of the case sorely troubled the good lady. What business had Catherine at a pawn-broker's? The shadow of a doubt crept into her mind, as she returned to her own apartment, and again sought her domestic, to see what would be the effect of this new discovery.

"Now Catherine," said Mrs. Pierce, gently, when she had repeated what had been told her, "you must be aware that this is strong presumptive evidence that you went to the broker's to exchange something for money. I have no wish to deal harshly with the erring, who may, in a moment of weakness, have yielded to temptation; so if you will candidly tell me all about it and restore the ring to Mrs. Winn, in consideration of your youth and previous good conduct, I will overlook this, I trust, trifling delinquency."

"In truth, ma'am, I didn't take the ring! I wouldn't stoop for the world!" sobbed Catherine, who was now crying bitterly.

"Why were you in the broker's, then?" kindly asked her mistress.

"Indeed, I can't tell you, ma'am!"

"Ah, Catherine, I fear you are deceiving me," said Mrs. Pierce, with a half-sad, half-displeased look. But the girl persisted in her first statement, nor could she be induced to confess why she had visited a pawn-broker. The lady felt disappointed, and, without somewhat vexed at what she termed a foolish obstinacy, and putting on her bonnet accompanied Mrs. Winn to the place where Catherine had been seen entering. The former minutely described the latter, but the proprietor, among his many customers, could not remember any such person, and failed to find, among his heterogeneous possessions, the article they were in search of. But he turned to his books, and there found an entry of the sale, under the name of "Mahan," which Mrs. Pierce recognized as Catherine's surname. The shawl was produced, which she also identified as one she had given the girl some months before. Considerably surprised, and wondering what could have induced her to part with it, she at once redeemed her present, and left the shop, glad to know that the ring had not been pawned.

Mrs. Winn was perplexed, but when her natural goodness of heart charitably pleaded for Catherine, that insinuating shrug of the shoulders rose up before her, and frightened away better visitors. Miss Spencer's leaven was at work.

When Mrs. Pierce returned home, her domestic looked so anxious and sorrowful, that she could not help pitying her.

"I did not find the ring, but if I had, I could not have been much astonished than at discovering this in such a place," the lady remarked, unrolling the shawl before her owner.

"Please don't be angry, ma'am," implored poor Catherine. "The child at home hadn't no shoes to their feet this bitter cold weather, and the man gave me three dollars, and promised to let me have the shawl again, so as I'd pay him this on my next week's earnings, with a little bit in money I've saved from my wages. Don't think, ma'am, that I'd be after lettin' him have it intirely."

This, then, was the secret of the pawned shawl. Mrs. Pierce could not forbear thinking, as she listened to the simple explanation, that the girl who would voluntarily practice self-denial for the benefit of her little brothers and sisters, and prefer to be thought a thief rather than run the risk of offending her employer by confessing the girl's questionable use she had made of her gift, would hardly be guilty of the fault laid to her door. But this benevolent supposition was not seconded by Mrs. Winn, who, however, as nothing more could be learned, dropped the subject. The object of her mistress's search, that suspicion was about as bad as conviction; doors were closed that had been kept open; closets looked that had never been looked before; keys turned and taken out of drawers containing valuables; and, on the part of Mrs. Winn, a cold,

distant manner totally unlike her former kind treatment. In her employer there was no very perceptible change, although almost unconsciously to herself, Mrs. Pierce did withdraw a little of her confidence. In fact, it is so humanly inclined to suspect a person of any wrong doing, without, in a measure, making it evident. This, to a sensitive mind, is exceedingly galling; and Catherine Mahan, who happened to be considerably superior to most of her class, realized it to the fullest extent. She bore this *expulsion* for several weeks, when she signified her wish to procure another place. Mrs. Pierce understood the motive that prompted the proposed change, and fully concurred with her that it would be for the best, yet sincerely sorry to part with a domestic with whom she was so well satisfied.

Catherine did not find it an easy task to get a permanent situation, though furnished with a written recommendation, which Mrs. Winn was certain she did not deserve. Some how or other the story of the lost ring had unconsciously got noised about, and if anything happened to be missing, suspicion always fastened upon her. She met a bad name at every turn, which naturally discouraged her efforts, and weakened her good resolutions.

Some three months had elapsed, and Mrs. Winn gave up all hope of her ever coming again. The family believed that Catherine Mahan had perished, not even hesitating to say so.

One day a gentleman friend gave her little son of three years a gold coin to play with. The child looked at it a moment, and then mounting a chair, deliberately dropped it into a little "bank," which already contained a quantity of pennies.

Both mother and father smiled at this instance of juvenile appropriation, while the former rose, and pacifying the boy with the promise of a new one, forced off the top of the prospect for cents, for the purpose of getting out the gold piece. There lay the latter, and just beside it—her lost ring! A discovery, indeed! The mischievous little Harry had been the thief, and not Catherine Mahan, who had been made to suffer unjustly for his childish pranks. What a lesson for pre-judgers!

Mrs. Winn lost no time in repairing, so far as she was able, the mischief she had so instrumentally in causing. This she could only do in part, for her error was not wholly removable. Catherine Mahan was fully exculpated from the charge preferred against her, reports injurious to her character were contradicted, and the mystery cleared up. Mrs. Pierce gladly received her back into her family, resolving, in future, never to let suspicion, in any degree, usurp the place of conviction, or give mere circumstantial evidence that importance which is not warranted by justice.

Miss Spencer betrayed much sensitiveness on the subject of the lost ring, declaring her dislike to have the matter mentioned. She very well knew that Mrs. Winn had been biased by her observations, but she had not the candor to confess her mistake. Do not forget it, reader, all this talk and trouble were occasioned by a simple SHRUG OF THE SHOULDERS.

A COUNTRY GENTLEMAN.

A tradesman, living in the Rue St. Honoré, possesses a young and pretty wife who is passionately fond of the theatre, but being continually occupied in business, and unable to indulge her. A few days ago, she got a ticket for the Porte St. Martin, telling him that it had been given to her, asking him to accompany her. He promised, but when the moment came, he was unable to go. The wife, who was *en grande toilette*, was furious at his disappointment, but determined not to let the moment pass without an accompaniment. On leaving the theatre she was followed by two young men, who were very insolent. To her dismay, she saw that they were passing, but the coachman made a sign that he had some one in the vehicle. She was turning away, when the cab stopped and an elegantly dressed young man stepped from it. "I see, ladies," he said with a low bow, "that you are annoyed by two insolent fellows. Deign to accept of my services, and I will drive you to the theatre."

The tradesman accepted with thanks, and the gentleman handed her and her servant in with the greatest politeness. She gave her address to the cabman, and the vehicle drove off. Arrived at her own residence, she stopped, and asked what there was to pay.

"21f. 10c," said the cabman.

"What, 21f. 10c? cried the tradesman in astonishment. "Why you have only come from the Porte St. Denis, and have not been half an hour on the way!"

"Do not talk nonsense," said the cabman, rudely. "I have been driving the gentlemen about since morning. But where is he? Disappeared!"

On discovering that his fare really had disappeared, the man thought the women were in connivance with him to cheat him, and he became very insolent. The poor tradesman had not money enough to satisfy his demand, and he gave her and her companion into close custody. They had to pass the whole night in the guard-house of St. Leger, and were not released until the next morning, when the tradesman claimed them, and indemnified the coachman. The tradesman vows that she will never go to the play again without her husband. *Champion's Messenger*.

COLLIERIE EXAMINATION.

Was William Pott, the inventor of blasting?

Where was the celebrated gunpowder plot situated, and was it a green plot?

Was Stierne, the writer, a very severe man?

Was Pitt the deepest politician of his day?

When a youth is said to be "fond of the weed," does it mean chickweed?

Is buckheat a particularly smart looking grain?

Does it follow that peonies are suicides because they shoot out their heads?

Are the people of Gaul very bitter in their disposition?

Are pavement flags stained-colored?

What is the ordinary size of a garden "box"?

Has wild thyme anything to do with the idle moment of youth?

Does being cannoned mean being blown to pieces?—*American Courier*.

ASTRONOMY'S CONQUESTS IN 1854.

Professor Challis announces, as the conquest of Astronomy during the year, four new planets, and the same number of new comets;

the objects of her mission, and that the number of the latter have been, as yet, identified with any of her previous conquests.

It is the case with the planets, which unfortunately is the case with the planets—the number of which, instead of being the mystic seven, bids fair to increase to seventy; and to the inconvenience of astronomers and the juvenile students of astronomical catechisms.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE DYING MOTHER.

BY WILLIAM MOSLEY.

The evening sun had shed his golden beams
O'er Alma's plaid, and robed in glowing hues
The landscape landscape and with sparkling streams,
And forest trees now damp with sparkling dew.
The sun, in peeling through his daily course,
Had witnessed many a scene of deathly strife;
The Turk, contending with the northern host,
And warriors gored with the tide of life.

"Twas in his tent a dying Mother lay;
A follower of the cross, brave and true;
While twilight's deepening shades came close of day,
A sick and gloomy paler around him thrived.
Stretched on a pillow 'neath the tent's dark folds,
His breath now spent, the life blood ebbing fast,
The Mother prayed; while off his dying thoughts
Now dwell on sweet remembrance of the past.

"Alas, great father of the Universe,
Into thy hands I now commit my soul;
Memento, people of the living God,
Unto thy home my poor soul shall be sold.
Thus spake the Mother here as he lay
Gazing in fancy on the heavenly throne;
His love was full, his heart was true and quick;
The sun went down, and Angel closed the door.

The wind sighed mournfully 'neath the forest trees,
As though in sorrow for the warrior brave;
And Nature sang his praises in the forest breeze,
While morning's sunbeams came down from his grave.
And now the moon shed forth her silver light
O'er Alma's battle-field deep-dyed with gore;
The hero's spirit has now its heavenly flight,
The Eve his battle-cry shall bear no more.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

MISS HENDERSON'S THANKSGIVING DAY.

BY HORATIO ALGER, JR.

THANKSGIVING DAY dawned clear and frostily upon the little village of Castleton Hollow. The stage, which connected daily with the nearest railroad station—as yet Castleton Hollow had not arrived at the dignity of one of its own—came fully freighted both inside and out. There were children and children's children, who, in the pursuit of fortune, had strayed away from the homes where they first saw the light, but who were now returning to revive around the old familiar hearth the associations and recollections of their early days.

Great were the preparations among the households of Castleton Hollow. That must indeed be a poor household which, on this occasion, could not boast its turkey and plum pudding, those well-established dishes, not to mention its long rows of pies—apple, mince and pumpkin—wherein the Thanksgiving board is wont to be garnished.

But few were not of the households generally that I propose to speak. Let the reader accompany me in imagination to a rather prim-looking brick mansion, situated on the principal street, but at some distance back, being approached from it by a front yard. Between this yard and the fence, ran a prim-looking hedge of very formal cut, being cropped in the most careful manner, lest one twig should by chance have the presumption to grow higher than its kindred. It was a two-story house, containing in each story one room on either side of the front door, making, of course, four in all.

If we go in, we shall find the outward primness well supported by the appearance of things within. In the front parlor—we may peep through the door, but it would be high treason in the present moment of our boots, to step within its sacred precincts—there are six high backed chairs standing in state, two at each window. One can easily see from the general arrangement of the furniture, that from romping children, unceremonious kittens, and unwholesome intruders generally, this room is most severely guarded.

Without speaking particularly of the other rooms, which, though not furnished in so stately a manner, bear a family resemblance to "the best room," we will usher the reader into the opposite room, where will find the owner and occupant of this prim-looking residence.

Courteous reader, Miss Hetty Henderson. Miss Hetty Henderson, let me make you acquainted with this lady (or gentleman), who is desirous of knowing you better. Miss Hetty Henderson, with whom the reader has just passed through the ceremony of introduction, is a maiden of some thirty-five summers, attired in a sober looking dress, of irreproachable neatness, but most formal cut. She is the only occupant of the house, of which like-wise she is proprietor. Her father, who was the village physician, died some ten years since, leaving to Hetty, or perhaps I should give her full name, Henrietta, his only child, the house in which he lived, and some four thousand dollars in bank stock, on the income of which she lived very comfortably.

Sometimes, Miss Hetty had never married, though, such is the necessary nature of man, the rumor of her inheritance brought to her feet several suitors. But Miss Hetty had resolved never to marry—at least, this was her invariable answer to matrimonial offers, and so after a time it came to be understood that she was fixed for life—an old maid. What reasons impelled her to this course were not known, but possibly the reader will be furnished with a clue before he finishes this narrative.

Meanwhile, the inevitable effect of a single and solitary life combined, attended Hetty. She grew precise, prim and methodical to a painful degree. It would have been quite a relief if one could have detected a stray thread upon her well swept carpet, but such was never the case.

On this particular day this Thanksgiving day of which we are speaking—Miss Hetty had completed her customary preparations, that is, she had stuffed her turkey, and put it in the oven, and kneaded her pudding, for though but one would be present at the dinner, and that herself, her conscience would not have acquiesced her, if she had not made all the preparations to which she had been accustomed on such occasions.

This done, she sat down to her knitting, casting a glance every now and then at the clock to make sure that all was going on well. It was a quiet morning, and Miss Hetty began to think to the clicking of her knitting needles.

"After all," thought she, "it's rather solitary taking dinner alone, and that on Thanksgiving day. I remember a long time ago, when my father was living, and my brothers and sisters, what a merry time we used to have round the table. But they are all dead, and I—alone am left."

Miss Hetty sighed, but after a while the recollections of those old times returned. She tried to shake them off, but they had a fascination about them after all, and would not go at her bidding.

"There used to be another there," thought she, "Nick Anderson. He, too, I fear, is dead." Hetty heaved a thoughtful sigh, and a faint color came into her cheeks. She had reason. This Nicholas Anderson had been a medical student, apprenticed to her father, or rather placed with him to be prepared for his profession. He was, perhaps, a year older than Hetty, and had regarded her with more than ordinary warmth of affection. He had, in fact, proposed to her, and had been conditionally accepted, on a year's probation. The trouble was, he was a little disposed to be wild, and being naturally of a lively and careless temperament, did not exercise sufficient discrimination in the choice of his associates. Hetty had loved him as warmly as one of her nature could love. She was not one who would be drawn away beyond the dictates of reason and judgment by the force of affection. Still it was not without a feeling of deep sorrow—deeper than her calm manner led him to suspect—that at the end of the year's probation, she informed Anderson that the result of his trial was not favorable to his suit, and that henceforth he must give up all thoughts of her.

To his vehement assertions, promises and protestations, she returned the same steady and inflexible answer, and, at the close of the interview, he left her, quite as full of indignation against her as of grief for his rejection. That night his clothing was packed up, and lowered from the window, and when the next morning dawned it was found that he had left the house, and as was intimated in a slight note pencilled and left on the table in his room, never to return again.

While Miss Henderson's mind was far back in the past, she had not observed the approach of a man, shabbily attired, accompanied by a little girl, apparently some eight years of age. The man's face bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance, and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather. The man, apparently some eight years of age. The man's face bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance, and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather. The man, apparently some eight years of age. The man's face bore the impress of many cares and hardships. The little girl was of delicate appearance, and an occasional shiver showed that her garments were too thin to protect her sufficiently from the inclemency of the weather.

Together they entered, and a moment afterwards, just as Miss Hetty was preparing to lay the cloth for dinner, a knock sounded through the door.

"Come in," said Miss Hetty, frowning, "who can it be that wants to see at this hour?" Smoothing down her apron, and giving a look at the glass to make sure that her hair was in order, she hastened to the door.

"Will it be asking too much, madam, to request a seat by your fire for myself and little girl for a few moments?" It was very cold.

Miss Hetty could feel that it was cold. Somehow, too, the appealing expression of the little girl's face touched her, so she threw the door wide open, and bade them enter.

Miss Hetty went on preparing the table for dinner. A most delightful odor issued from the oven, one door of which was open, lest the turkey should overdo. Miss Hetty could not help observing the wistful glance cast by that little girl towards the tempting dish as she placed it on the table.

"Poor little creature," thought she, "I suppose it is a long time since she has had a good dinner."

Then the thought struck her: "Here I am alone to eat all this. There is plenty enough for half a dozen. How such these poor people would relish it."

By the time the table was arranged.

"Sir," said she, "turning to the traveller, 'you look as if you were hungry as well as cold. If you and your little daughter would like to sit up, I should be happy to have you.'"

"Thank you, madam," was the grateful reply. "We are hungry, and shall be much indebted to your kindness."

It was rather a novel situation for Miss Hetty, sitting at the head of the table, dispensing food to others beside herself. There was something rather agreeable about it.

"Will you have some of the dressing, little girl—I have to call you that, for I don't know your name," she asked, in an inquiring tone.

"Her name is Henrietta, but I generally call her Hetty," said the traveller.

"What?" said Miss Hetty, dropping the spoon in surprise.

"She was named after a very dear friend of mine," said he, sighing.

"May I ask," said Miss Hetty, with excusable curiosity, "what was the name of this friend. I begin to feel quite an interest in your little girl," she added, half apologetically.

Her name was Henrietta Henderson," said the stranger.

"Why, that is my name," ejaculated Miss Hetty.

"And she was named after you," said the stranger, composedly.

"Why, who in the world are you?" she asked, her heart beginning to beat unwontedly fast.

"Then you don't remember me?" said he, rising, and looking steadily at Miss Hetty. "Yet you knew me well in bygone days—some better. At one time it was thought you would have joined your destiny to mine—"

"Nick Anderson!" said Miss Hetty, rising in confusion.

"You are right. You rejected me, because you did not feel secure of my principles. The next day, in despair at my refusal, I left the house, and, for forty-eight hours, I passed, on my way to India. I had not formed the design of going to India in particular, but in my then state of mind I cared not whether I went. One resolution I formed, that I would prove by my conduct that your apprehensions were ill-founded. I got into a profitable business. In time I married—not that I had forgotten you, but that I was solitary and needed companionship. I had ceased to hope for yours. By and by a daughter was born. True to my old love, I named her Hetty, and pleased myself with the thought that she bore some resemblance to you. Since then, my wife has died, misfortunes have come upon me, and I found myself deprived of all my property. When some years ago for my native soil, I have returned, as you see, not as I departed, but poor and careworn."

While Nicholas was speaking, Miss Hetty's mind was filled with conflicting emotions. At length, extending her hand frankly, she said: "I feel that I was too hasty, Nicholas. I should have tried you longer. But at least I may repair my injustice. I have enough for us all. You shall need to be no more than a yearling for my native soil. I have returned, as you see, not as I departed, but poor and careworn."

"I can only accept your generous offer on one condition," said Nicholas.

"And what is that?"

"That you will be my wife!"

A vivid blush came over Miss Hetty's countenance. She couldn't think of such a thing, she said. Nevertheless, an hour afterwards the two united lovers had fixed upon the marriage day.

The house does not look so prim as it used to be. The yard is redolent with many fragrant flowers; the front door is half open, revealing a little girl playing with a kitten.

"Hetty," says a matronly lady, "you have got the ball of yarn all over the floor. What would your father say if he should see it?"

"Never mind, mother, it was only kitty that did it."

Marriage has filled up a void in the heart of Miss Hetty. Though not so prim, or perhaps careful, as she used to be, she is a good deal happier. Three hearts are filled with thankfulness at every return of Miss Henderson's THANKSGIVING DAY.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE WINDS OF NOVEMBER.

BY MISS SARAH S. DAVIS.

The winds of November, how bleak and how chill,
They sweep in their wrath o'er valley and hill;
They moan through the trees and chaunt a wild lay,
In numbers so mournful o'er Nature's decay.

The leaves of the forest, they scatter like rain,
And chill the last flower that blooms on the plain;
The hearts of the poor they cause them to sigh,
As they howl in the storm or shriek in the gale.

O Nature they spend her now-shed of death,
And freeze all her streams with their merciless breath;
With the play of winter they shake her thin forms,
And whisper, "prepare for the season of storms."

The winds of November, though fiercely ye blow,
Ye are held in the hand of our Maker, we know;
He sends you in love, through piercing and cold,
And tempers your blast to the needs of the fold.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

WILLIE'S AND BENNY'S RAINY HOLIDAYS.

BY MISS CAROLINE A. SOUTH.

"O, O! HURRAH, hurrah!" shouted little Willie Grant, as he scampered out of the school-yard at four o'clock Friday afternoon, "to-morrow's Saturday, and I'm glad. Nothing but play all day long. Lots of fun I'll have, if—"

But here his gleeful tone was hushed, and with an anxious eye he gazed upon the western horizon. "O dear," exclaimed he, earnestly, after a few moments of silence, "I'm so afraid it'll rain, and if it does I shan't have a bit of comfort. Benny," and he called to a school-mate, who was just passing, "Benny, do you think it'll rain to-morrow? Say so, do."

"That won't keep it from raining, Willie, if it's a rain to me."

"Yes it will, too, for you always tell the truth, and you won't say no unless you're pretty sure of a good day. Say, what do you think?"

"I think," and Benny looked quite weather-wise, "that you'll find it best to study again the verse we had yesterday in the geography lesson:

"Brening red and morning grey
Will set the traveller on his way;
But evening grey and morning red
Will bring down rain upon his head."

"That's just like you, Benny, you always remember things just when you ought to. I wish I could; but it ain't in me, mother says. Then it'll rain to-morrow, won't it? O dear, I'm so sorry. I do hate rainy Saturdays."

"Hate them! Why, Willie, I love dearly to have them come once in a while. O, I do have such nice times."

"Love to have it rain on holidays, and have nice times? I don't see how you can. For my part, I'd rather it'd rain all the school days for a week, than to rain one Saturday. You must love to be scolded and whipped better than other boys."

"Scolded and whipped? Why, do you think little boys are scolded and whipped any more on rainy days than on sunny ones?"

"Well, I am at my ease, and that is why I dread them so. The first thing I hear in the morning is mother, scolding as bad as she can. Before I get out of the bedroom she begins. 'There,' she says, 'there, now I've got to have that boy under my feet all day long. I do wish school kept every day. He'll be into everything, I'll warrant, and I'll have to stop a dozen times in the midst of my baking and whip him. I never get out of my mind in having boys.'"

"But do you get into everything, Willie?" asked his playmate, earnestly. "I should not think you would, when you know it'll plague your mother, and get you a whipping, too."

"But what can I do, Benny?" replied the

other, naively. "I must do something. Mother, herself, says boys can't keep still, and she won't give me anything to do or play with, and so I can't help getting into mischief. Sometimes I think I will be good, and so I'll dress myself very still and go into the kitchen and not mean to make a bit of noise. But I never can do anything to suit her. Once I took down some books from the shelves, and built a little house on the stand; I was just as still as a mouse, and I did it 'burt them the least bit, and I was just having a real good time, when the first thing I knew I felt mother's hand slapping my ears, and heard her screaming, 'put up those books, you child, you, and that pretty quick, too. I am not going to have such a litter about on Saturday.' Well, I put them up, and thought I would be good. But as soon as my ears stopped aching I began to play again; as I took an old newspaper and folded it up so as to make a soldier's cap, and put it on my head and began to march about the room, whistling, very softly, though. 'A soldier's the lad for me,' when the first thing I knew, mother snatched off my cap and jumped me up into a chair, and told me to sit still there and not crase her with my noise. Well, the chair stood by the window, and so I began to draw pictures in the steam with my fingers, and was just having a real nice time, thinking how the first time I got some paper and a pencil, I'd try to draw little sissy in the cradle, like that great man that the schoolmarm told us about, when bang goes another box on my ears, and I hear mother saying, 'There, now, see if you'll keep your hands off my clean windows after this, and sit up and behave yourself like a man.' Well, then I got mad, 'cause I couldn't do anything I wanted to, or have anything to play with, and began to throw the chair rounds with my feet, and to hawl as loud as I could, and I kept on so till mother couldn't bear it any longer, when she took me down, gave me what she calls a good whipping, but why, I can't see, for it don't feel good, and it don't make me good, either, and then I had to eat a crust of bread for my breakfast. O, I do hate rainy days."

"Well, I don't wonder, now," said Benny.

"No, I guess you don't. And so it goes, all day long. If I ask her to read to me, she's too busy; if I want her to tell me a story, she hasn't got time; if I want to go out and play in the mud, she won't let me because I'll dirty my clothes; if I want to play in the house, I can't because I'll make a noise. I never do have a big good time, except when she gets real mad and shushes me up garret. I tell you, then I have fun. I was afraid first of the *boogies* she told me lived up there, and cried myself most sick, but I heard her tell father that night, when she thought I was asleep, that she had found out how to frighten me at last, and then they both laughed to think how scared I was at nothing."

I tell you, I am scared now. But make a regular habit every time she puts me up there, and tell her there's a man with four arms and a black face, or a bear with two heads and ten mouths, come and carry me off, and I keep up a noise till I know she's got fairly to work again, and then I have a nice time, rummaging. But it's kind of lonesome, after all, and I am always glad when night comes and I can go to bed, and I tell you, Benny, I always say two prayers then. First I say: Now I lay me down to sleep; then I make up one, and say: Don't let it rain next Saturday, but please to put it off till Monday, and then I go to sleep, tired almost to death. O dear, I hope it won't rain to-morrow," and the little hands were pressed nervously to the little heart, and the bright blue eyes of the speaker looked anxiously at the clouds which were gathering in such thick, dark masses.

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"But why, Benny? Aint your mother cross to you, and don't she wish you'd never been born?"

"I guess not. I never heard her say she did, she never acts as though she wanted to get rid of me. I don't believe she's a bit like your mother, Willie."

"Well, I hope she ain't, I'm sure."

"Well, I know she ain't. Why the first thing she says to me on rainy Saturdays, after she's kissed me,—she always does that, rain or shine—"

"Does she? Why, my mother don't."

"She always says, 'Benny and mother' I'll have a nice time to day, 'won't they?' And then I hug her and say, I guess we will, and then I go to work. She always has something for me to do before breakfast. Sometimes I clean the beans, or pick over the coffee seeds; sometimes I bring in the oven wood; sometimes I bring up the apples and wipe them, and put them into the pan already to bake; at any rate I always find something to do, and it's always breakfast time before I think of being hungry. Then while she's washing up the dishes, I go and clean up the woodhouse, or do some other easy chore, and then when she gets to baking, I always stand up by the table and watch her all the time, and hear her talk, and O, I do learn so much!"

"Why, don't you think, Willie, I didn't know one but what father was dug up out of the ground in a rage, but now I know all about it, how the farmer sows his seed, and how the sunshine and the rain give it life, and how the little blade comes up first, and then the green stalk, and then the head, and then how it ripens and is cut down and bound into sheaves, and carried into the barn and threshed, and carried to the mill and ground, and sold to the grocer, and then bought by father and made up by mother into cakes and pies for me. She tells me about everything she uses in baking. I asked where land came from, and she told me, and then she sent me three or four rainy days talking about the pig, where it came from first, how it lives, how many kinds there are, and what is done with every part of it, and it's as good as a story. Then mother made us think of the cow, and that made a good long talk. Then she tells me all about how sugar and molasses are made, and in what countries the sugar-cane grows, and all about the spices and the fruits, and how they make raisins out of grapes, and then all about

how folks used to live in old times when the women had to grind the corn, and they didn't have any money, and so I play with, and so I can't help getting into mischief. Sometimes I think I will be good, and so I'll dress myself very still and go into the kitchen and not mean to make a bit of noise. But I never can do anything to suit her. Once I took down some books from the shelves, and built a little house on the stand; I was just as still as a mouse, and I did it 'burt them the least bit, and I was just having a real good time, when the first thing I knew I felt mother's hand slapping my ears, and heard her screaming, 'put up those books, you child, you, and that pretty quick, too. I am not going to have such a litter about on Saturday.' Well, I put them up, and thought I would be good. But as soon as my ears stopped aching I began to play again; as I took an old newspaper and folded it up so as to make a soldier's cap, and put it on my head and began to march about the room, whistling, very softly, though. 'A soldier's the lad for me,' when the first thing I knew, mother snatched off my cap and jumped me up into a chair, and told me to sit still there and not crase her with my noise. Well, the chair stood by the window, and so I began to draw pictures in the steam with my fingers, and was just having a real nice time, thinking how the first time I got some paper and a pencil, I'd try to draw little sissy in the cradle, like that great man that the schoolmarm told us about, when bang goes another box on my ears, and I hear mother saying, 'There, now, see if you'll keep your hands off my clean windows after this, and sit up and behave yourself like a man.' Well, then I got mad, 'cause I couldn't do anything I wanted to, or have anything to play with, and began to throw the chair rounds with my feet, and to hawl as loud as I could, and I kept on so till mother couldn't bear it any longer, when she took me down, gave me what she calls a good whipping, but why, I can't see, for it don't feel good, and it don't make me good, either, and then I had to eat a crust of bread for my breakfast. O, I do hate rainy days."

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"But why, Benny? Aint your mother cross to you, and don't she wish you'd never been born?"

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]
MEMORY'S MIRROR.

BY STEVEN M. F. BENJAMIN.

Sweet friend, Time's dark and rapid stream
Has sundred those who once did meet
They could no more meet.
Who thought, while travelling hand-in-hand,
Affection's wealth they could command,
And with it false defy.

I sit and look through mist of years;
And lo! a childish face appears,
With gleaming, golden hair;
I sit again to voice most sweet,
Again I see the rustic seat—
We sat together there.

Once more I look in Memory's glass,
I see a girlish face pass,
The same, but older now,
The hair in darker waves lies
O'er now are those soul-fraught eyes,
And gentle that sweet brow.

I spring to meet with greetings fond;
The vision fades—there's thought beyond
But gleams of cold moonlight.
O, ghostly Time!—can thought return
Affection's glow? Is it my dream
To find from memory quite?

Though friendship's chain is rusted o'er,
Will not kind thoughts its sheet restore,
And woe it links new?
For friend of childhood's, girlhood's day,
I never shall find, where'er I stray,
Another friend like you.

[Written for The Flag of our Union.]

THE FIREMAN.

BY MISS M. G. MONTAGNE.

In one of the old-fashioned mansions which stand, or stood, on Broadway, lived Alderman Edgerton. Nothing could have induced Miss May Edgerton to reside six months in the old brick house had it not been inhabited by her grandmother before her, and been built by her great-grandfather. As it was, she had a real affection for the antiquated place, with its curiously-carved door-knocker, its oaken staircase, and broad chimneys with their heavy franklins. She was a sweet, wild, restless little butterfly, with beauty enough to make her the heroine of the most extravagant romance, and good as she was beautiful.

Little May had never known a sorrow, and in fact seldom had but one bugbear for her—that was, the fate in the shape of her parents, had decreed that she should not marry, nor engage herself positively, until she had met a certain young gentleman, upon whom like solicitude had been imposed by his equally solicitous parents. The name, it must be confessed, impressed May favorably—Walter Cunningham; there was something mainly about it, and she spent more time than she would like to acknowledge, in speculations regarding its owner, for to May, notwithstanding what Will Shakespeare has said to the contrary, there was a very great deal in a name. By some chance she had never met him. She had passed most of her life, for what crimes she could not tell, in a sort of prison, cycled a fashionable boarding-school, and the greater part of the vacations had been spent with a rich maiden aunt and an old bachelor uncle in the city of Brotherly Love. A few days previous to her liberation from this "Durantville," Walter Cunningham had set out for Paris, where he was to remain as long as suited his convenience.

May had just returned home, and having learned this little piece of news, which she very properly deemed not at all complimentary to herself, was in as vexable a mood as her amiability ever allowed. Her cousin Hal suddenly entered the room in a rather boisterous manner, with the exclamation:

"Hurray! Hal, I am going to be a fireman!"

"So I should suspect," returned May, a little pettishly.

"Suspect!" said Hal, sobering down in a moment.

May laughed.

"Why will you join such a set of rowdies, Hal? I should think it quite beneath me!"

"Rowdies! Those loafers who hang about the companies, attracted by the excitement and the noise, do not belong to the department."

"You know the old adage, Hal—'People are known by the company they keep,' that is, 'birds of a feather flock together.'"

"Why, May, this is too bad! They are the noblest fellows in the world!"

"Noble! I have lived too long in Philadelphia to know anything about firemen. They used to frighten me almost out of my senses. Once we thought they would set fire to the whole city, murder the people and drink their blood! O, such a savage set you never saw!"

Hal laughed outright.

"Shoot the men, strangle the women, and swallow the children alive!" he echoed, mockingly.

"It is no subject for jesting, Mr. Hal. Delaney, Philadelphia is not the only place. Take up the papers any morning, and what will you find under the Williamsburg head? Accounts of riots, street-battles, and plunderings, in all of which the firemen have been a conspicuous part, and New York is not much better."

"Well, May, you do make out the firemen to be a miserable set, most assuredly. Now, if I had not already committed myself," continued Hal, jestingly, "almost you would persuade me to denounce this gang of rowdies, murderers and robbers; but the Rubicon is passed!"

"I do detect a fireman above all men!" ejaculated May, emphatically, as Hal left the house to go down town and procure his equipment.

Little did either of them dream what was to be the scene of his first fire.

May's too sound slumbers were disturbed about twelve o'clock that night by a confused rush of sounds, cries, shrieks, crackling beams and falling timbers. She wrapped her dressing-gown around her, and rushed to the door. Un-

clapping the bolts, she threw it open, but hastily closed it again, for smoke and flame rushed in, almost suffocating her.

"O God, save me!" she murmured, huskily, flying to the window, only to gaze upon a scene which sent dismay to her heart. Clouds of flame and smoke enveloped everything. For a moment the burning mass of fire was stayed by a huge stream of water, and she caught a glimpse of the crowd below.

There were men, boys, engines, ladders, furniture, all heaped together in confusion; but the smoke and flame rolled forth with renewed anger after their momentary check, and all was blank again. She cried for help, but her voice was lost in the universal din. The heat became intense, the flame knocked at her very door to demand admittance; she heard its fiery tongue flap against the panels, a few moments more and its scorching arms would clasp her in their embrace of death. She knelt one moment, her soul was in that prayer; she rushed again with almost hopeless agony to the window. O, joy! and yet how terrible! That moment when the flame reached to gain new energy, a fireman had discovered her frail form in the place of the light. He did not hesitate an instant; his soul was made of such stern stuff as common minds cannot appreciate. He raised the first ladder within his reach against the wall—a miserable thing, already half-burned—and springing on it, ascended amid the flames.

He had scarcely reached the top of the third story, when he felt it bend beneath him; he heard the shriek above, the cries below, and turning, sprang to the ground unharmed, as his treacherous support fell crackling in the blaze. A shout of joy arose at his wonderful escape, and about it poured a constant, steaming stream beneath the window at which May's face was discovered by all. A moment, and another ladder, much stouter than the first, was raised. The undimmed fireman ran up its trembling rungs, amid the stifling smoke, the eager flames wrapping themselves around him as he passed; a moment more, and he had reached the terrified May, caught her hand and lifted her to his side. She gazed a second on his speaking face—there was a world of meaning in it; she asked no question—he uttered not a word, but by his eye and hand guided her down that fiery, dizzy path, so full of danger and of death. A fresh burst of flame defied the stream of water; it flashed around them while all below was as silent as the grave, naught heard but the hissing of the blaze and the crackling of the timbers. May would have fallen, shrinking from the embrace of the relentless flame; but the fireman caught her in his arms and leaped to the ground just as the second ladder fell. O, then there were cries of wild delight, and they rushed vigor to the less men worked against the fire. May's friends came crowding around her; her father clasped her in his trembling arms, with a whispered "O, May! you are safe!—the old house may burn now!" and the mother shed such tears as only thankful mothers weep.

But the noble fireman was gone; in vain Hal endeavored to gain some particulars concerning him, from the members of the company to which he belonged. They told him that not a single black ball had been cast against him, although he was a stranger to them all, save the foreman, for he carried his claim to confidence in his honest face. He always pays his dues, never shrank from duty, was kind and gentlemanly—what more could they desire. The foreman himself was definitely silent concerning the history of his friend, muttering his name in such an undertone that Hal could not understand it. On the morrow, all New York was echoing with his praises. So brave, so rashly brave a thing had not been done in years, though every week the noble fireman hazarded their lives for the safety of the city.

Hal met May with a pale, a haggard face. He had thought her safe until he saw the stranger fireman on the ladder and learned his errand. He loved his cousin, and had suffered almost the agonies of death. May burst into tears.

"O, Hal, what do I not owe to a fireman!"

Hal then recalled for the first time her words of the previous day.

"Do you despise the firemen now, May?"

"Despise! That God forbid! How devoted!—how self-sacrificing!—how humane!—how ready to risk one's life for an entire stranger! O, Harry, I wish we could learn his name, that we might at least thank him. I shall never forget the first moment when he grasped my hand; it was the first that I had hoped to live. It seemed to me there was something of a divinity in his eyes as I met their gaze, and I did not fear to descend into the very flames. But I know now what it was—the noble, self-forgetting, heaven-trusting soul shining through those eyes, which spoke to mine and bade me fear not, but trust in God."

Hal was silent for a moment; then he said, slowly and sorrowfully:

"Every fireman could not have acted thus. O, May, will you forgive me? I felt that I could not. He impressed me with a kind of awe when after the first ladder had fallen he raised a second, as determined as before. He would have died rather than have given you up!"

It was a long while before the thought of Walter Cunningham crossed the mind of May Edgerton, and then she dwelt upon it but for a moment. A fireman had become an object of intense interest to her. Blue coats, brass buttons and capstan sash into shameful insignificance beside the negligent costume of a fireman, and let Hal call, "Here, May, comes a glazed cap and a red shirt!" and she was at the window in an instant. One day Hal returned home with a face glowing with excitement.

"I have seen him, aunt! May, I have seen the stranger fireman!"

"Where? where?" was the quick response.

"There was a tremendous fire down town to-day, burning through from street to street. —'s book establishment, which has so long lighted all the country, now illumined a good part of the city in quite another manner. The paper flew in every direction. All New

York was there, and the stranger among the rest. Every one saw him, the firemen recognized him, and he worked like a brave fellow. There was more than one noble deed done to-day, for many a life was in peril." Hal's eyes glistened now, for he had saved a life himself.

"The poor girls who stitched the books had to be taken down by ladders from the upper stories; no one can say how many were rescued by our hero! The flames leaped from story to story, resolute, swallowing up everything; the giant work of years, the productions of great minds, all falling, as man must himself, into ashes, ashes!"

"But Hal, our fireman—did you not follow him?"

"Indeed I did!—up through Fulton into Broadway; up, up, up, until he hurried down Waverley Street, after him, and suddenly disappeared among the old gray walls of the university. I went in, walked all through the halls, made a dozen inquiries, but in vain. I reckon he is a will-o'-the-wisp."

Scarce a week had flown by before another terrible fire excited all the city. People began to think that every important building on the island was destined to the flames. The little Jewell which Jenny Lind had sung, where little Jewell with his magic bow had won laurels, and the larger Jewell enchanted the multitude; the hall which had echoed to the voice of Daniel Webster, which was redolent with memories of greatness, goodness and delight, was wrapped in the devouring element. Hal Delaney was quickly on the ground, but the stranger fireman already had the pipe of his company. He walked amid the flames with a fearless, yet far from defiant air, reminding Hal only of Shadrach, Meshach and Abednego in the fiery furnace. He was everywhere, where work was to be done, gliding over sinking beams, the example for all, giving prompt orders, as promptly obeyed, every fireman rallying around him with hearty good will; all jealousy cast aside, their watchword "Duty."

Towards morning, when the danger to other buildings was past, Harry closely watched the stranger, who seemed to mark him too, and with two members of his company determined to follow him and find out who he was, not only that his cousin and her father might have the poor felicity of thanking him, but because he was himself attracted by the manner of the man, and like May, saw something mysteriously beautiful shining through his eyes. The three—a young lawyer, a Wall Street merchant, and Hal—now tracked the fireman's steps with a "zeal worthy of a better cause." Hal did not think he was showing any very good manners in thus pursuing a person who quite evidently did not wish to be known; still he had once accosted the stranger in a gentlemanly manner, and received no satisfactory reply, so now he had decided, cost what it might, to make what discoveries he was able to, with or without leave.

This time it was down, down Broadway, through Fulton to Peck Slip. The stranger's light, almost boyish form moved swiftly, but evenly onward, while behind him felt the measured tread of Hal and his companions. Arrived at the pier, instead of crossing over to the ferry, the stranger unlashed a small boat, and springing into it, seized the oars, turning back a half-accidental, half merry glance at his pursuers. Hal was not to be outwitted thus. He quickly procured a boat, and the three soon overtook the stranger. They rowed silently along, not a word spoken from either boat, the oars falling usually upon the pier, instead of crossing over to the water. The stranger made no attempt to land, but held on his course up the East River until they approached Hart Gate.

"I do believe we are following the devil!" exclaimed the lawyer, suddenly, recalling some of his questionable deeds, as he heard the roar of the whirpools, and saw the foam glistening in the dim light.

"He never came in such a shape as that!" laughed Hal, whose admiration of the stranger momentarily increased as he watched his skillful pilotage.

"Indeed, Delaney, I am not at all ready to make an intimate acquaintance with the 'Pot,' or 'Erying Pan,' again exclaimed the lawyer fireman.

Still, Hal insisted upon following, in hopes the stranger would talk about.

"You have no fears?" said Hal, to his brother fireman, the merchant.

"Why no," he returned, calculatingly; "that is, if the risk is not too great."

Now the waves became wild, lashing against the rocks, leaping and foaming; it was a dangerous thing to venture much farther, they must turn back now or not at all; a few strokes more and they must keep on steadily through the gate—one false movement would be their destruction. The stranger's boat gradually descended the eddies—they saw it enter among the whirling eddies—the measured sound of their measured strokes, glanced back, lost the balance of his oars, his boat upset, and Hal saw neither more. There, on that moonless, starless night, when the darkness was blackest, just before the dawn, the brave fireman had gone down in that whistling, groaning, shrieking, moaning, Tartarean whirlpool! Mute horror stood on every face. Hal's grasp slackened; the lawyer quickly seized the oars, and turned the boat's prow towards the city.

"Do you not think we could save him?" gasped Hal, his face like the face of the dead.

"Save him!" ejaculated the lawyer; "that's worse than mad! Maladroit alone can raise his bones along with 'Pot Rock.'"

Hal groaned aloud. Perhaps the stranger had no intention of going up the river, until driven by them. It was a miserable thought, and hung with a leaden weight upon Hal's spirit. He remained at home all the next day, worn out and dejected.

"How I pity you, poor fireman! You get up at all times of the night, work like soldiers on a campaign, and sometimes do not even get a 'thank you' for your pay. You know I told you never to be a fireman!"

"I wish I had followed your advice," answered Hal, with something very like a groan.

May started. She noticed how very pale he was, and bade him lie down on the sofa. She brought a cushion, and sat down by his side.

"Now, Hal, you must tell me what troubles you. Has any one been slandering the firemen? I will not permit that now, since I have so kind a cousin in their ranks," said May, with a wicked little smile.

In vain she racked her brain for something to amuse him; Hal would not be amused. She bade him come to the window and watch the fountain in Union Park, but he strolled back immediately to the luxurious sofa, and buried his face in his hands. At last he could endure his horrid secret no longer; it scorched his brain and withered his very heart.

"May, you have not asked me if I saw the mysterious fireman last night!"

May could not trust her voice to reply.

"He was at the fire."

"Was he?"

"I tell you he was," returned Hal, pettishly.

"When I say he was, I do not mean that he was not. I followed him after the fire."

"Did you?"

"Good heavens, you will drive me mad!" Hal sprang to his feet. "I followed him I say—ay, to the death!"

Then ensued a rapid recital of all that had passed. Hal was excited beyond endurance, every nerve was stretched to its utmost, and the purple veins stood out boldly on his white forehead. He did not wait for May to say a word, but abruptly ended his narrative with:

"Was not this a pretty way to reward him for saving the life of my cousin—my sister? O, God, must the roar of that terrible whirlpool ring in my ears forever?" He gazed a moment on May's countenance of speechless sorrow, and rushed from the room.

For a long time Hal and May scarcely spoke to each other. He felt as though he had wronged her, and was always restless in her society. He could not bear to receive the thousand courtesy attentions which May had always lavished on him, and which she now performed mechanically; he hated to see the slippers by the corner of the grate, and after a few evenings would not notice them; but above all he could not endure that very, very sad expression in May's eyes—for worlds he would have wished not to be able to witness it. The time for his wedding was fast drawing nigh, and he knew he should be miserable if May did not smile upon his bridal.

Weeks passed, and Delaney did not go to a fire; he paid his fines and remained at home. But he could not sleep while the bells were ringing—somehow they reminded him of that still night at Hart Gate. By degrees the coldness wore off between May and himself, and she consented to be Emily's, by Emily's bridemaid.

One night, however, the bell had a solemn summons in it, which Hal could not resist. It tolled as though for a funeral, and spoke to his very heart. He threw on his fire-coals and hastened down town. Delaney soon reached the scene of destruction. The flames were coursing in all their mad mirth, as though they were the cause of no sorrow, no pain, no death. Hal's courage was soon excited; he leaped upon the burning rafters, rescuing goods from destruction, telling where a stream was needed; but suddenly he became paralyzed—he heard a voice which had often rung in his ear amid like scenes, a greater genius than his own was at work, he learned that he was innocent, even indirectly, of the stranger's death. Joy thrilled through every vein, he could have sworn any peril, however great. Regardless of the angry blaze, he made his way through fire and smoke to the stranger's side. The fireman paused in his labor a moment, grasped Hal's hand, and with a smile, in which mingled a dash of triumph, said:

"You see I am safe."

"You forgive my rashness?" asked Hal, earnestly.

"Entirely!" was the ready response, and they went to work again.

In a few minutes Hal was separated from his friend—for he felt that he was his friend, and could have worked at his side until his last strength was expended. Retiring from the burning building to gather new vigor for the conflict, a slight glare before his eyes as he glanced backward for a moment, which froze his blood and made him groan with horror. The rear wall of the building, at a moment when no one expected it, with a crash, an eloquent yell of terror, fell. How many brave men were buried beneath the ruins, none could say. Hal saw the stranger falling with the timbers and the mass of brick; he strained his gaze to mark where he should rest, but lost sight of him beneath the piled-up beams and stones.

"A brave heart has perished!" cried Hal, thinking of but one of the many who had fallen sacrifices to their noble heroism. All night long the saddened, horrified firemen worked in subduing the flames and extricating the bruised bodies of the victims. Some still breathed, others were but slightly injured, but many more were drawn forth whose lips were still in death, their brave arms nerveless, and their hearts pulseless forever. O, it was a night of agony, of terror and dismay! The fireman's risk of life is not poetry, nor a romance of zeal, or picture wrought by the imagination. It is an earnest, solemn, terrible thing, as they could witness who stood around those blackened corpses on that midnight of doom.

Hal searched with undiminished care for the noble stranger, until his own energies required repose. In vain did he gaze upon the recovered bodies to find that of the fireman; it was not there. Towards morning they found his cap; they knew it by the strange device—the anchor and the cross emblazoned on its front, above the number of his company.

"A fitting device for his life!" said clergyman, as they recalled his unexampled bravery, the majesty of his mien, the benevolence of every action.

The news of the disaster spread through the city with the speed of lightning. Friends hastened to the spot, and O, what joy for some to

find the loved one safe!—what worse than agony for others to gaze upon the features of their search all locked in ghastly death! With conflicting emotions, Delaney told May Edgerton of his last meeting with the stranger fireman. A gush of thankfulness shot through her heart that he had not perished that dark night in Hart Gate, that he had met an honorable doom. Hal preserved his cap as an incentive to goodness and greatness, and longed to be worthy to place on his own the mysterious device of the stranger.

The funeral obsequies of the deceased fireman were celebrated by all the pomp esteem could propose, or grief bestow. May Edgerton stood by the window as the long ranks of firemen filed round the park, all wearing the badge of mourning, the trumpets wailing in woe, the banners lowered, the muffled drums beating the sad march to the grave. All the flags of the city were at half-mast, the fire bells tolled mournfully, and then, wearied with their sorrowful duty, their cadences for a while died away in gloomy silence, the bells of Trinity took up the wail in chiming the requiem to the dead. Everywhere reigned breathless silence, broken only by the sobs of the living.

As May gazed on the slow procession, her eye was attracted by the emblem on a fireman's cap—it was the same—an anchor and a cross! That form, it could be no other, the face was turned towards her, it was the stranger fireman! His very step bespoke the man, as with folded arms and solemn tread he followed in the funeral cortege.

That evening, Hal Delaney returned home, his countenance beaming with joy, in strange contrast with the gloom of the day. "May, he is safe again!" was his first exclamation. "He is a perfect Neptune, Vulcan, master of fire and flood. Neither the surging eddies of Hart Gate, nor ghastly flames and crashing beams have been able to overcome him. How he escaped he scarcely knows, and yet he does not bear a scar. So kind, so agile, so brave, so dominant over all dangers, we easily might fancy him one of the old heathen deities!"

The next day there was to be some public literary exercise at the university, to which the alderman's family had been invited. May remembered Hal's once saying that he saw the fireman disappear somewhere around that venerable building, so an early hour found her seated at her father's side in the solemn-looking chapel, watching the arrival of the spectators, but more particularly the entrance of the students. The exercises commenced, still May had discovered no face resembling the fireman of her dreams. Several essays were pronounced with ease and grace, and the alderman took a fitting occasion to make a complimentary reference to one of the officers of the institution, who was seated near him. "Exactly, exactly," echoed the professor, "but wait until young Sherwood speaks!"

Marion Sherwood was called, and there arose from among the heavy folds of the curtain that had almost entirely concealed him, a student who advanced with the dignity of a Jupiter and the grace of an Apollo. Duty was his theme. The words flowed in a resolute torrent from his lips. Every thought breathed beauty and sublimity, every gesture was the "poetry of motion." More than once did the entrance of May Edgerton catch the dark eyes of the orator fixed with an almost startling gaze upon her face. The walls rang with applause as he resumed his seat; bouquets were showered at his feet by the ladies, and the students called out "Sherwood, Sherwood!" he had surpassed himself. May scarcely heard a word that followed. She was delighted to find that she had not deceived herself, that in intellectual strength he equaled the promise of his noble daring.

At the close of the exercises Marion Sherwood would have hastened away, but the chancellor, who was seated near her, deliberately remarked the chancellor. Marion bowed. The alderman, after the first greeting, caught his hand. "I cannot be deceived, sir; you are the gallant youth who so nobly rescued my daughter from a terrible death." Again Marion bowed, hesitatingly, striving to withdraw his hand from the alderman's grasp. Will you not permit me to introduce to you, sir, said Mr. Edgerton, in a wounded tone. Young Sherwood had not the slightest intention of offending him, and wished to hasten away only to escape observation. Now, however, with his usual generosity, he forgot his own inclinations, and permitted himself to be overwhelmed with expressions of heartfelt gratitude. He suddenly checked the alderman's earnest eloquence by requesting an introduction to his daughter, who stood in the shadow of a pillar awaiting her father. May Edgerton's one little sentence of earnest thanks, speaking through every feature, was more grateful to the young student than all her father's words. One mutual glance made them friends in more than name. Now many an evening found Marion Sherwood whiling away a student's idle hours in the library and drawing-room of Mr. Edgerton. May and he together read their favorite poets and the old classic writers, his daring mind stored with philosophy, guiding her wild imagination, her gentle goodness beguiling his holder thoughts into the paths of virtue. O, it was blissful thus to mingle their day-dreams, encircling themselves in rainbows of hope and stars lit by each other's eyes, all breathing life, and yet so near to death.

One day, when sitting in the shadows of the old marble pile, gazing up at the brilliant sky, had pictured a being beautiful and good, whose soul could comprehend the yearnings of his own, and the his found it.

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The next day there was to

THE GOLDSMITH OF PARIS.
ADAPTED FROM THE FRENCH.

BY FRANCIS A. DUNIVAN.

It is the good old days of France the fair, when no one dared question the divine right of the sovereign, or the purity of the church, when the rights of the feudal seigniors were unchallenged, and they could head or hang, mutilate or quarter their vassals at their pleasure, when freedom was a word as meaningless as it is now under his sacred majesty, Napoleon the Third, there came to the capital, from Touraine, an artisan, named Anseau, who was as cunning in his trade of goldsmith as Benvenuto Cellini, the half-naked artificer of Florence. He became a bourgeois of Paris, and a subject of the king, whose high position he purchased by many presents, both of work of art and good red gold. He inhabited a house built by himself, near the church of St. Louis, in the Rue St. Denis, where his forge was well known to half the amateurs of fine jewelry. He was a man of pure morals and persevering industry; always laboring, always improving, constantly learning new secrets and new receipts, and seeking everywhere for new fashions and devices to attract and gratify his customers. When the night was far advanced, the soldiers of the guard and the revellers returning from their carousals, always saw a lighted lamp at the casement of the goldsmith's workshop, where he was hammering, carving, chiseling and filing—in a word, laboring at those marvels of ingenuity and toil which made the delight of the ladies and the minion of the court. He was a man who lived in the fear of God, and in a wholesome dread of robbers, nobles, and noise. He was gentle and moderate of speech, courteous to noble, monk and bourgeois, so that he might be said to have no enemy.

Claude Anseau was strongly built. His arms were rounded and muscular, and his hand had the grip of an iron vice. His broad shoulders reminded the learned of the giant Atlas; his white teeth seemed as if they were formed for masticating iron. His countenance, though placid, was full of resolution, and his eyes were so keen that it might have melted gold, though the limpid lustre of his eyes tempered their burning ardor. In a word, though a peaceable man, the goldsmith was not one to be insulted with impunity, and perhaps it was a knowledge of his physical qualities that secured him from attack in those stormy days of ruffianly violence.

Yet sometimes, in spite of his accumulating wealth and tranquil life, the loneliness of the goldsmith made him restless. He was not inclined to beauty, and often, as he wrought a wedding ring for the finger of some fair damsel, he thought with what delight he could forge one for some gentle creature who would love him for himself and not for the riches that called him lord. Then he would saunter forth and hie to the river-side, and pass long hours in the dreamy reveries of an artist.

One day as he was strolling, in this tender frame of mind, along the left bank of the Seine, he came to the meadow afterwards called the Pre aux Clercs, which was then in the domain of the Abbey of St. Germain, and not in that of the University. There, finding himself in the open fields, he encountered a poor girl who addressed him with the simple salutation:—"God save you, my lord!"

The musical intonation of her voice, chiming in with the melodious images that then filled the goldsmith's busy brain, impressed him so pleasantly that he turned, and saw that the damsel was holding a cow by a tether, while it was browsing the rank grass that grew upon the borders of a ditch.

"My child," said he, "how is it that you are pasturing your cow on the Sabbath? Know you not that it is forbidden, and that you are in danger of imprisonment?"

"My lord," replied the girl, casting down her eyes, "I have nothing to fear, because I belong to the abbey. My lord abbot has given us license to feed our cow here after sunset."

Then you love your cow better than the safety of your soul," said the goldsmith.

"Of a truth, my lord, the animal furnishes half our subsistence."

"I marvel," said the good goldsmith, "to see you thus poorly clad and barefoot on the Sabbath. Thou art fair to look upon, and thou must needs have suitors from the city."

"Nay, my lord," replied the girl, showing a bracelet that clasped her rounded left arm; "I belong to the abbey." And she so said a look on the good bourgeois that his heart sank within him.

"How is this?" he resumed, and he touched the bracelet, whereon were engraven the arms of the Abbey of St. Germain.

"My lord, I am the daughter of a serf. Thus, whoever should unite me to him in marriage would become a serf himself, were he a bourgeois of Paris, and would belong, body and goods, to the abbey. For this reason I am shunned by every one. But it is not this that saddens me—it is the dread of being married to a serf by command of my lord abbot, to perpetuate a race of slaves. Were I the fairest in the land, lovers would avoid me like the plague."

"And how old are you, my dear?" asked the goldsmith.

"I know not, my lord," replied the girl; "but my lord abbot has it written down."

This great mystery touched the heart of the good man, who for a long time had himself eaten bread of misfortune. He conformed his pace to that of the girl, and they moved in this way towards the river in perfect silence. The bourgeois looked on her fair brow, her regal form, her dusky but deliciously-faded face, and the sweet countenance which seemed the true portrait of St. Genevieve, the patron saint of Paris.

"You have a fine cow," said the goldsmith.

"Would you like a little milk?" replied she.

"These early days of May are so warm, and you are so far from the city."

In fact, the sky was cloudless and burned like a forge. This simple offer, made without the

hope of a return, the only gift in the power of the poor girl, touched the heart of the goldsmith, and he wished that he could see her on a throne and all Paris at her feet.

"No, no, no!" replied he; "I am not thirsty—but I would like I could free you."

"It cannot be; and I shall die the property of the abbey. For a long time we have lived here, from father to son, from mother to daughter. Like my poor ancestors, I shall pass my days upon this land, for the abbot does not lose his prey."

"What?" cried the goldsmith, "has no gallant been tempted by your bright eyes to buy your liberty, as I bought mine of the king?"

"Truly, it would cost too much. Therefore those I pleased at first sight went as they came."

"And you never thought of fleeing to another country with a lover, on a fustian course?"

"O, yes, my lord, if I were taken I should lose my life, and my lover, if he were a lord, his land. I am not worth such sacrifice. Then the arms of the abbey are longer than my feet are swift. Besides, I live here, in obedience to Heaven that has placed me here."

"And what does your father, maiden?"

"He is a vine-dresser, in the garden of the abbey."

"And your mother?"

"She is a laundress."

"And what is your name?"

"I have no name, my lord. My father was baptized Etienne, my dear mother is la Etienne, and I am Tienette, at your service."

"Tienette," said the goldsmith, "never has maiden pleased me as thou dost. Hence, as I saw thee at the moment when I was firmly resolved to take a helpmate, I think I see a special providence in our meeting, and if I am not unpleasant in thine eyes, I pray thee to accept me a lover."

The girl cast down her eyes. Those words were uttered in such a sort, with tone so grave and manner so penetrating, that Tienette wept.

"No, my lord," replied she, "I should bring you a thousand troubles and an evil fortune. For a poor serf, it is enough that I have heard your generous proffer."

"Ah!" cried Claude, "you know not with whom you have to deal." He crossed himself, clasped his hands, and said—"I here vow to Saint Eloi, under whose protection is my noble craft, to make two inches of enamelled silver, adorned with the utmost labor I can bestow. One shall be for the statue of my lady the virgin, and the other for my patron saint, if I succeed, to the end that I may give thanks for the emancipation of Tienette, here present, and for whom I pray their high assistance. Moreover, I vow, by my eternal salvation, to prosecute this enterprise with courage, to expend therein all I possess, and to abandon it only with my life. Heaven hath heard me, and thou, fair one," he added, turning to the girl.

"Ah, my lord! My cow is running across the field," cried she weeping, at the knees of the good man. "I will love you all my life—but not you."

"Let us seek the cow," said the goldsmith, raising her, without daring to imprint a kiss upon her lips.

"Yes," said she, "for I shall be beaten."

The goldsmith ran after the cow, which reeked little of their loves. But she was seized by the horns, and held in the grasp of Claude as in an iron grip. For a trifle he would have hurried her into the air.

"Farwell, dearest. If you go into the city, come to my house, near St. Louis. I am called Master Anseau, and am the goldsmith of our seigneur, the king of France, at the sign of St. Eloi. Promise me to be in this field the next Sabbath, and I will not fail to come, though it were raining hail."

"I will, my lord. And, in the meanwhile, my prayers shall ascend to heaven for your welfare."

There she remained standing, like a saint carved in stone, stirring not, until she could no longer see the bourgeois, who retired with slow steps, turning every now and then to look upon her. And even when he was long lost to sight, she remained there until twilight, lost in reverie, and not caring whether what had happened was a dream or bright reality. It was late when she returned home, where she was beaten for her tardiness, but she did not feel the blows.

The good bourgeois, on his part, lost his appetite, closed his shop, and wandered about, thinking only of the maiden of St. Germain, seeing her image everywhere. On the morrow, he took his way towards the abbey, in great apprehension, but still determined to speak to my lord abbot. But as he bethought him that it would be most prudent to put himself under the protection of some powerful courtier, he retraced his steps, and sought out the royal chamberlain, whose favor he had gained by various courtesies, and especially by the gift of a rare chain to the friends whom he loved. The chamberlain readily promised his assistance, had his horse saddled and a hackney made ready for the goldsmith, with whom he came presently to the abbey, and demanded to see the abbot, who was then Monsieur Hugo de Seneciere, and was ninety-three years old. Being come into the hall, with the goldsmith, who was trembling in expectation of his doom, the chamberlain prayed the Abbot Hugo to grant him a favor in advance, which he could be easily done, and would do him pleasure. Whereat, the wily abbot shook his head, and replied that it was expressly forbidden by the canons to plight one's faith in this manner.

"The matter is this, then, my dear father," said the chamberlain. "The goldsmith of the court, here, has conceived a great love for a girl belonging to the abbey, and I charge you, as you would have me grant the favors you may seek hereafter, to liberate this girl."

"Who is she?" asked the abbot of the bourgeois.

"She is named Tienette," replied the goldsmith, timidly.

"Oh! ho!" said the good old Hugo, smiling. "Then the bait has brought us a good fish. This is a grave case, and I cannot decide it alone."

"I know, father, what those words are worth," said the chamberlain, frowning.

"Dear sire," replied the abbot, "do you know what the girl is worth?"

"The abbot sent for Tienette, telling his clerk to dress her in her best clothes, and make her as brave as possible."

"Your love is in danger," said the chamberlain to the goldsmith, dressing him one moment. "Abandon this fancy; you will find everywhere, even at court, young and pretty women who will willingly accept your estate, and the king will help you to acquire an honor and title—you have gold enough."

The goldsmith shook his head. "I have made my choice, and embarked on my adventure," said he.

"Then you must purchase the manumission of this girl. I know the monks. With them, money can accomplish everything."

"My lord," said the goldsmith to the abbot, turning towards him, "you have it in charge and trust to represent here on earth the bounty of Providence, which is always kind to us, and has infinite treasures of mercy for our miseries. Now I will enshrine you, for the rest of my days, each night and morning in my prayers, if you will aid me to obtain this girl in marriage. And I will fashion you a box to enclose the holy Eucharist, so cunningly wrought, and so enriched with gold and precious stones, and figures of winged angels, that another such shall never be in Christendom—it shall remain unique, shall rejoice your eyes, and so glorify your altar that the people of the city, foreign lords—all, shall hasten to see it, to worship such a shrine."

"My son," replied the abbot, "you have lost your senses. If you are resolved to have this girl in wedlock, your property and person will be at the disposal of the abbot."

"Yes, my lord, I am devoted to this poor girl, and more touched by her misery and truly Christian heart, than by her personal attractions. But I am," said he, with tears in his eyes, "yet more astonished at your hardness, and I say it, though I know my fate is in your hands. Yes, my lord, I know the law. Thus, if my goods must fall into your possession, if I become a serf, if I lose my home and my citizenship, I shall yet keep the skill developed by my culture and my studies, and which lies here," he added, touching his forehead, "in a place where God alone, besides myself, is master. And your whole abbey cannot purchase the creation of my brain. You will have my body and my wife, but nothing can give you my genius, nor even tortures, for I am stronger than iron is hard, and more patient than suffering is great."

Having said this, the goldsmith, enraged at the calmness of the abbot, who seemed resolved to scorn the passionate appeals of the goldsmith, dealt such a blow with his fist on an oaken chair, it flew in pieces as if struck by a sledge-hammer.

"See, my lord, what a serf you will have, and how of an artificer of divine things you will make a dray-horse."

"My son," replied the abbot, calmly, "you have wrongfully broken mine oaken chair and lightly judged my heart. This girl belongs to the abbey, by the laws of St. Germain. Therefore, minister of the rights and usages of this glorious monastery. Although I may, indeed, liberate this girl and her heirs, I owe an account to God and to the abbey. Now, since there has been here an altar, serfs and monks, it is, from time immemorial, never has there been an instance of a bourgeois becoming the property of the abbey, by means of a wife who, to all appearances, is exercising this right, that it may not be lost, efface and obsolete, and fall into desuetude, the which would occasion troubles manifold. And this is of greater advantage for the state and for the abbey than your boxes, however beautiful they may be, seeing that we have a facility which will enable us to purchase jewels and bravery, and that no money can establish claims and laws. I appeal to my lord, the king's chamberlain, who is witness of the pains and infinite our sovereign taketh each day to do battle for the establishment of his ordinances."

"This is to shut my mouth," said the chamberlain.

The goldsmith, who was no great clerk, remained silent and pensive. Hereupon came Tienette, clad in glorious apparel, wearing a robe of white wool, with her hair carefully dressed, and, wistful, so royally beautiful, that the goldsmith was petrified with ecstasy, and the chamberlain confessed that he had never seen so perfect a creature. Then, thinking that there was too great danger to the goldsmith in this spectacle, he carried him off to the city, and begged him to think no more of the affair, since the abbot would never yield so beautiful a prize.

In fact, the chapter signified to the poor lover, if he married this girl, he must resolve to abandon his property and house to the abbey, and to acknowledge himself a serf; and that then, by special grace, the abbey would allow him to remain in his house, on condition of his furnishing an inventory of his goods, of his paying a tribute every year, and coming annually, for a fortnight, to lodge in a burg apartment of the domain, in order to make act of serfdom.

The goldsmith, to whom every spoke of the obduracy of the monks, saw plainly that the abbey would adhere inflexibly to this sentence, and he was driven to the verge of despair. At one time he thought of setting fire to the four corners of the monastery;—at another, he proposed to inveigle the abbot into some place where he might torment him till he signed the manumission papers of Tienette,—in fine, he projected a thousand schemes, which all evaporated into air. But, after many lamentations, he thought he would carry off the girl to some secure place, whence nothing could draw him, and made his preparations in consequence, thinking that, once out of the kingdom, his friends or the sovereign could make good a vow of bringing him home.

The good man reckoned without his host, for, on going to the meadow, he missed Tienette, and learned that she was kept in the abbey so rigorously, that, to gain possession of her, he would have to besiege the monastery. Then Master Anseau rent the air with complaints and lamentations, and, throughout Paris, the citizens and housewives spoke of nothing but this adventure, the noise of which was such, that

the king, meeting the old abbot at court, asked him why, in this juncture, he did not yield to the great love of his goldsmith, and practice a little Christian charity.

"Because, my lord," replied the priest, "all rights are linked together, like the parts of a suit of armor, and if you part the whole falls to pieces. If this girl were taken from us, against our will, and the usage were not observed, none of your subjects would derive you of your crown, and great seditions would arise in all parts, to the end of abolishing the tithes and taxes which press so heavily upon the people."

The king was silenced. Every one was anxious to see the end of the adventure. So great was the curiosity, that several lords wagged that the goldsmith would abandon his suit, while the ladies took the opposite side. The goldsmith having complained with tears to the queen that the monks had deprived him of the sight of his beloved, she thought it detestable and oppressive. Whereupon, pursuant to her command, the goldsmith was allowed to go daily to the parter of the abbey, where he saw Tienette; but always in the company of an aged monk, and attired in true magnificence, like a lady. It was with great difficulty that he persuaded her to accept the sacrifice he was compelled to make of his liberty, but she finally consented.

When the city was made acquainted with the submission of the goldsmith, who, for the love of his lady, abandoned his fortune and his life, every one was anxious to see him. The ladies of the court encumbered themselves with jewels they did not need, to make a pretext for talking with him. But if some of them approached Tienette in beauty, none possessed her heart. At last, at the approach of the hour of servitude and love, Anseau melted all his gold into a royal crown, which he laid with all his pearls and diamonds, then coming secretly to the queen, he gave it into her hands, saying:

"My lady, I know not in whose hands to trust my faith and fortune but yours. To-morrow everything found in my house will become the property of those accused monks, who have no pity on me. Deign, then, to take care of this. It is a poor return for the pleasure I enjoyed by your means, of seeing her, since no treasure could give me the happiness I know not what will become of myself; if, one day, my children become free, I have a faith in your generosity as a woman and a queen."

"Well said, good man," replied the queen. "The abbey may one day have need of my assistance, and then I will remember this."

There was an immense crowd in the abbey church at the espousals of Tienette, to whom she was married in a private office, and whom the king authorized to wear earrings and jewels. When the handsome couple came from the abbey to the lodgings of Anseau, who had become a serf, near St. Louis, there were torches at the windows to see them pass, and in the street two lines of people, as at a royal progress. The poor husband had wrought a silver bracelet, which he wore upon his left arm, in token of his belonging to the abbey of St. Germain. This notwithstanding his servitude, they cried, "Noel, Noel!" as to a new king. And the good man saluted courteously, happy as a lover, and pleased with the homage each one paid to the grace and modesty of Tienette. Then the good goldsmith found green branches, and a crown of blueberries on his doorposts, and the principal person of the episode, who, to all appearances, he had honored, saluted him with music, and cried out, "You will always be a noble man, in spite of the abbey!"

Tienette was delighted with her handsome lodgings, and the crowd of customers who came and went, delighted with her charms. The honey-moon passed, there came one day, in great pomp, old abbot Hugo, their lord and master, who, seated on a throne, and attended by more to the goldsmith, but to the chapter, and, being there, said to the newly married pair:

"My children, you are free, and quit of all claims on the part of the abbey. And I must tell you that, from the first, I was greatly moved by the love which linked you to each other. Thus, the rights of the abbey having been recognized, I determined to complete your joy, after having proved your loyalty. And this manumission shall cost you nothing."

Having said this, he touched them lightly on the cheeks, and they knelt at his feet and wept for joy. The goldsmith apprized the people who had collected in the street of the bounty and blessing of the good abbot Hugo. Then, in great honor, Anseau held the bride of his mare, as far as the gate of Bussey. On the way, having taken a sack of money with him, he threw the pieces to the poor and suffering, crying:

"Largesse! largesse to God! God save and guard the abbey! Long live the good Lord Hugo!"

Then, returning to his house, he feasted his friends, and celebrated his nuptials anew, the festival lasting an entire week.

The abbot, of course, was severely reproached by his chapter, who had opened their jaws to devour the rich booty. Three years afterwards, the good man Hugo falling sick, his prior told him that was a punishment of Heaven, because he had neglected their sacred interests.

"If I judge this man right," replied the abbot, "he will remember what he owes us."

In fact, this day happening to be the anniversary of the marriage, a monk came to announce that the goldsmith begged his benefactor to receive him. When he appeared in the hall where the abbot was, he displayed two marvelous caskets, which, from that time, no workman has surpassed in any place of the Christian world, and which were called "the vow of perseverance in love." These two treasures are, as every one knows, placed on the high altar of the church, and are judged to be of inestimable workmanship, since the goldsmith had expended all he had on them.

Nevertheless, this gift, instead of emptying his treasury, filled it to overflowing, because it so increased his fame and profits that he was able to purchase broad lands and letters of nobility, and founded the house of Anseau, which has since been in high honor in Touraine.

Jester's Picnic.

"Bill, did you ever go to sea?"

"I guess I did. Last year, for instance, I went to see a red-headed gal; but I only called once."

"Why so?"

"Cause her brother had an unpleasant habit of throwing boot-jacks at people."

"Perhaps he was crazy?"

"No doubt of it; he asked me to take oysters once, and then left me to foot the bill. Now no man in his right mind, you know, would do anything so absurd as that."

"Of course not."

Exit Boster, whistling "Green grow the rushes O."

Nehemiah had a careless habit, while talking, of tapping everything near him with whatever he held in his hand. Nehemiah returning, however, in hand, from shopping, called upon neighbor Jones. In the course of conversation he unluckily chipped a fine table of the farmer's. "See there, you careless lubber," exclaimed the farmer, "see what a large dent you have made in my furniture!"

"Yes," meekly answered Nehemiah, who was something of a wag, but that was all an accident."

"Very likely," cried the enraged farmer, baring his fist in the offender's phiz, "and that's an incident."

"My love," said Boyle to his wife, "why is a Laplander like an umbrella-maker? I'd give it up!"

"Cause he derives his supply from the reindeer."

"Try another," said our clerk, as he threw himself on the sofa Saturday night, "why is your first husband like an umbrella?"

"Because he protects me from the elements, my dear."

"Not a bit of it, darling, but because he is used up."

"Have you heard, Bill, that there was a telegraphic dispatch from New York to night, that Sir John Franklin had been found?"

"Certainly. Grinnell's ship found him."

"Where did they find him?"

Above the channel, of course."

"What was doing?"

Leaping against the north pole, and trying to get up steam to thaw himself out!"

In the collegiate days of Royal Tyler, once Governor of Vermont, he was called upon to recite from "Locks on the Understanding," and having failed to commit his recitation, was giving off—he knew not what—extempore, when the Professor interrupted him:

"Do you doubt the power of the book?"

"I don't," said Tyler. "I do not agree with Mr. Locke, and thought I would give my own sentiments on the subject."

"Mr. Brown, you said the defendant was honest and intelligent, what makes you think so, are you acquainted with him?"

"No, sir, I never saw him."

"Why, then, do you come to such a conclusion?"

"Because he takes ten newspapers, and pays for 'em in advance."

Verdict for defendant.

The surest way to fill a private apartment, whether in a printing office, or a tailor's shop, or a sausage shop, with visitors, is to place over the door a placard, bearing the inscription, "No Admittance to the Editor's Office."

When a man is asked to give a testimonial for an entrance without instantly being attacked by an ungovernable desire to rush right in.

Pressed for copy.—The following story is told of an Irish man in a printing office. The foreman called down to him from the printing office:

"We want six lines to fill a column." "Kill a child at Waterford," was his reply. Soon after came a second messenger, and said:

"We want a second messenger, and said: 'Kill a child, and still want two lines.' "Contradict the same."

Somewhat called upon an apothecary late one night, and purchased an emetic, with which he left for home. He had not carried customer at the same shop on the following morning, and called for another emetic, saying that he believed the first one was not good, as it would not stay on his stomach!

"The moon," said a total abstainer, the other day, "is a little like a tottler; but she lets her moderation be known to the world, for she only fills her horn once a month."

"Then she is not doing something very strong," observed a bystander, "for I've seen her half gone."

Happy is the Woeing that is not long doing.—An eminent writer says: "It is my firm opinion, derived from experience, that the period of courtship cannot be too short. I have reason to say, that when you have hooked your fish the sooner you use your landing net the better."

A modern physiologist notes the extraordinary fact that at the dining table, every time a man crooks his elbow, his mouth opens.

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